AMERICAN POEMS

Agnes Wehrle

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Agnes Wehrle

AMERICAN POEMS

1776–1900

WITH NOTES AND BIOGRAPHIES

BY

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CHAUCER TO KIPLING

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LONG'S AM. POEMS.

W. P. 2

INTRODUCTION

THE purpose of this volume is not to thrust upon the public another anthology which, after decorating the drawing-room table a few days at Christmas, shall go to rest under the dust on the top shelf. On the contrary, it is intended to serve in the hands of students as a useful collection of American verse, with notes of explanation and interpretation, which shall illustrate the growth and spirit of American life as expressed in its literature. Moreover, it should, by giving new perceptions of power and beauty, lift the spirit and increase the sum of human enjoyment. "Literature is the record of the best thoughts," says Emerson; and the best thoughts of the best Americans are most assuredly worthy of careful study.

The notes are intended primarily, not to ask puzzling questions, but to give information. It may be objected by some critics that much is explained that is already obvious; such criticism, however, is most likely to be made by those who have never taught school. The brief critical comments which have been added to the explanatory notes are meant to interpret the poems to the student and to win his attention and sympathy. In the biographical sketches, the aim has been to avoid all matters which are obscure or which may lead to fruitless discussion. The purpose of these sketches is to inform, and, if possible, to entertain and awaken interest. As a whole, the volume does not pretend to exhaustiveness, either in its selections or its notes, but is rather meant to serve as an introduction to the systematic study of American poetry.

The field has been divided into three periods. The Early Period begins with Freneau, and includes the writers who preceded Bryant. These writers had many traits in common. They

were imitators, for the most part, of English models; and their work was often marred by sentimentality. But they show growth in literary form, and their work gives evidence that the young nation was developing into national consciousness.

The Middle Period includes not only the greater names,— Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, Holmes, and Lowell,— but many lesser names that cluster about them. This period closes with Mr. Thompson's *The High Tide at Gettysburg*, which may be said to mark the culmination of the impulse given to letters by the Civil War. Deep feeling and imaginative power stamp this period as the greatest in our literary history. The two chief forces that made it great were the revival of letters in New England and the Civil War.

The Later Period, which deals with writers who are for the most part still living, naturally does not possess the depth of feeling and the sustained imaginative power of poetry inspired by a great war, but it does possess real feeling and imagination. Moreover, it possesses a dominant urbanity, humor, and grace, and everywhere displays lightness of touch and dexterousness of form. Its deficiencies are apparently those of a period of waiting. What the future will bring forth may only be guessed at vaguely. It seems reasonably sure, however, that the splendid material and political activity of the United States at the present day — the surge of life that every day beats around our feet — must in due time find fit literary expression; and those of us who believe strongly in the commercial and political future of the country are no less confident of the future of American letters.

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A. W. L.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY,
September 1, 1905.

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AMERICAN POEMS

EARLY PERIOD

PHILIP FRENEAU

1752–1832

Freneau was born of French Huguenot parentage in New York city, and died at "Mount Pleasant," Monmouth County, New Jersey. He was graduated from Princeton in 1771, where James Madison, afterward fourth President of the United States, was his classmate and roommate. Another fellow-student was Light Horse Harry Lee. These quick-witted youths breathed in together the air of burning patriotism which came from John Witherspoon, then president of Princeton, and each did a strong man's work in the great struggle which followed so soon after they were graduated. Freneau was the least brilliant figure of the three, but his labors in the cause of liberty were not less arduous or steadfast, or his courage and patriotism less high.

Freneau's long life was one of great activity. He studied law, but afterward became a journalist and a practical navigator, and was interested besides in various business enterprises. During his lifetime he was known chiefly as a patriotic satirist in verse and as a partisan journalist. None of his satires are familiar to readers of to-day, but they were effective in their own day in quickening public sentiment and in keeping the torch of liberty aflame. His fame to-day rests rather upon a handful of lyrics which have simplicity, sincerity, and beauty. Not even his most enthusiastic admirers would maintain that these lyrics are to be placed by the side of the greatest literary masterpieces, but they do have qualities that will long keep the name of Freneau alive.

That this patriot, partisan, and poet should have met a sudden death is only in keeping with his tempestuous life. At the age of eighty, when returning home late one stormy night from a gathering of friends, he fell and broke his hip; next morning he was found dead in the snow.

THE INDIAN BURYING GROUND

In spite of all the learned have said,
I still my old opinion keep;
The posture that we give the dead
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands; —
The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
And venison, for a journey dressed,
Bespeak the nature of the soul,
Activity, that wants no rest.

His bow for action ready bent,
And arrows with a head of stone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the old ideas gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit, —
Observe the swelling turf, and say,
They do not lie, but here they sit.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted half by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far-projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest played.

There oft a restless Indian queen
(Pale Shebah with her braided hair),
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In habit for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer — a shade!

And long shall timorous Fancy see
The painted chief, and pointed spear,
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here.

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom;
They died — nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;

Unpitying frosts and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came;
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

EUTAW SPRINGS

At Eutaw Springs the valiant died:
Their limbs with dust are covered o'er;
Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide;
How many heroes are no more!

If in this wreck of ruin they
Can yet be thought to claim a tear,
O smite thy gentle breast, and say
The friends of freedom slumber here!

Thou, who shalt trace this bloody plain,
If goodness rules thy generous breast,
Sigh for the wasted rural reign;
Sigh for the shepherds sunk to rest!

Stranger, their humble groves adorn;
You too may fall, and ask a tear:
'Tis not the beauty of the morn
That proves the evening shall be clear.

They saw their injured country's woe,
The flaming town, the wasted field;
Then rushed to meet the insulting foe;
They took the spear — but left the shield.

Led by thy conquering standards, Greene,
The Britons they compelled to fly:
None distant viewed the fatal plain,
None grieved in such a cause to die —

But, like the Parthians famed of old,
Who, flying, still their arrows threw,
These routed Britons, full as bold,
Retreated, and retreating slew.

Now rest in peace our patriot band;
Though far from nature's limits thrown,
We trust they find a happier land,
A brighter Phœbus of their own.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON

1770–1842

It was fitting that the author of *Hail Columbia* should be the son of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Francis Hopkinson, lawyer, wit, and patriot. Joseph Hopkinson was born and died in Philadelphia, where he rose to distinction as a lawyer and as a man of parts. He is chiefly remembered to-day by this one patriotic lyric. It was written in 1798, when the United States seemed on the verge of war with France. Washington had been called from retirement at Mount Vernon to assume charge of the American forces in case war should actually break out. The ode was sung first in Philadelphia at the benefit performance of an actor, but its broader purpose was to allay all bitterness between the two political parties in the United States by appealing in a spirited way to the feeling of national patriotism.

HAIL COLUMBIA

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more:
Defend your rights, defend your shore:
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

Firm, united, etc.

Sound, sound, the trump of Fame!
Let WASHINGTON'S great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to Freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill, and godlike power,
He governed in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.

Firm, united, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands —
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But, armed in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

1779–1843

KEY was born in Frederick County, Maryland, and was educated at St. John's College, Annapolis. When the British bombarded Fort McHenry at Baltimore, in 1814, Key was with the British fleet, having gone there to secure the release of a friend who was held prisoner. All night he watched the battle. When he saw the American flag still afloat the next morning, he sat down and wrote *The Star-Spangled Banner*, one of the most popular of American patriotic songs.

A volume of Key's poems was published at Baltimore in 1859, with an introductory letter by his brother-in-law, Chief Justice Taney. The volume consists largely of occasional pieces that were not originally intended for publication. They add little or nothing to his fame. The greater part of his life was given to the practice of law in Washington.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming —

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds of the fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, — "*In God is our trust:*"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

CLEMENT CLARKE MOORE

1779–1863

THE author of *A Visit from St. Nicholas*, a household favorite, was born in New York city and educated at Columbia College. For many years he held a professorship in the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church. A collection of his verse was published in 1844, but he is remembered now almost solely by this Christmas piece, with its brisk movement and cheery temper. It was written for his children at Christmas, and was sent without his knowledge to a newspaper, where it appeared anonymously.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of midday to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
"Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer* and *Vixen!*

On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the house top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes — how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"*Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night.*"

JOHN PIERPONT

1785–1866

PIERPONT was born at Litchfield, Connecticut. After being graduated from Yale, he was successively a teacher, a business man, a lawyer, and finally a Unitarian minister. For twenty-six years he was pastor of the Hollis Street Church, Boston, and was an ardent supporter of the abolition movement — a movement very active in the neighborhood of his church. At the age of seventy-six he volunteered as a chaplain in the Civil War, but his age and bodily infirmities prevented much active service. He was appointed to a clerkship in the government service at Washington, a position which he held until his death.

THE EXILE AT REST

His falchion flashed along the Nile;
His hosts he led through Alpine snows;
O'er Moscow's towers, that shook the while,
His eagle flag unrolled, — and froze.

Here sleeps he now, alone; — not one
Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,
Nor sire, nor brother, wife, nor son,
Hath ever seen or sought his grave.

Here sleeps he now, alone; — the star,
That led him on from crown to crown,
Hath sunk; — the nations from afar
Gazed, as it faded and went down.

He sleeps alone; — the mountain cloud
That night hangs round him, and the breath
Of morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps his martial form in death.

High is his couch; — the ocean flood
  Far, far below by storms is curled,
As round him heaved, while high he stood,
  A stormy and inconstant world.

Hark! Comes there from the Pyramids,
  And from Siberia's waste of snow,
And Europe's fields, a voice that bids
  The world be awed to mourn him? — No; —

The only, the perpetual dirge,
  That's heard here, is the sea bird's cry,
The mournful murmur of the surge,
  The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

WARREN'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
  Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
  Ask it, — ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're a-fire!
  And, before you, see
Who have done it! — From the vale
On they come! — And will ye quail? —
Leaden rain and iron hail
  Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may, — and die we must;
But, O, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell!

THE BALLOT

A WEAPON that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

1785–1842

WOODWORTH was born at Scituate, Massachusetts, and died in New York city. The poem given here (first entitled "The Bucket") is the only one of a volume of verse which is now remembered. He wrote several operettas and dramatic pieces, but these have long since been forgotten. He was associated with Willis and others in the editorship of the *New York Mirror*, a journal of considerable literary note in its day.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well —

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well!

RICHARD HENRY WILDE

1789–1847

MANY of the poets of this early period — notably Freneau, Key, and Wilde — were men of affairs in the main, whose verse making occupied only their leisure hours. Nearly all of them are remembered to-day by only one or two poems. The bulk of their writings has gone the way of most occasional verse. It was, in most cases, hastily put together, and was lacking in depth and sincerity of feeling, as well as in grace of form.

Wilde was born at Dublin, Ireland. When he was a mere boy his family came to America and settled in Baltimore. After the death of his father, he removed with his mother to Georgia, where he studied law and entered politics. He served several terms as a member of Congress from his adopted state. After traveling abroad for several years, he settled in New Orleans and devoted the remainder of his life to the successful study and practice of the civil law.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground — to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see —
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray:
Its hold is frail — its date is brief,
Restless — and soon to pass away!
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree —
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints, which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea —
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

1791–1852

THE life of John Howard Payne is of unusual interest. He was born in New York city and entered Union College. He left college early, however, and took to the stage. He won popularity as an actor both in America and in England. He also wrote plays and operas. The song *Home, Sweet Home*, first appeared in his opera, *Clari, the Maid of Milan*, which was produced at Covent Garden Theater, London, in 1823. He died at Tunis, Africa, where he was serving as United States consul. In 1883, at the expense of the late Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the philanthropist, his remains were removed to Washington.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,—
Give me them,—and the peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home!
Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

1795–1867

Halleck, the friend and co-laborer of Drake, was born at Guilford, Connecticut, but his active life was spent in New York. He first entered a banking house, and later was for many years confidential clerk to John Jacob Astor. On the death of Mr. Astor, he received a pension which enabled him to live in dignified retirement. He spent the last eighteen years of his life in his native town, where he died.

Halleck's literary work began with *The Croaker Pieces*, which he, together with Drake, contributed to the *Evening Post*. These verses contained witty and satirical thrusts at local celebrities. He also published *Fanny*, a satire on New York life. His best-known short poems are *Alnwick Castle*, an imitation of Sir Walter Scott; the spirited *Marco Bozzaris*, so dear to the heart of the schoolboy declaimer; and lines on the death of Joseph Rodman Drake, which have directness and sincerity. His later years of ease and retirement seem, in a literary way, to have been almost entirely barren. "Halleck long survived," says Mr. Woodberry, "a fine outside of a man, with the ghost of a dead poet stalking about in him, a curious experience to those who met him, with his old-fashioned courtesy and the wonder of his unliterary survival." It has been suggested by the same critic that "trade sterilized" him; but it seems more than probable that Halleck said all that he had to say.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth;

And I who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine;

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,—
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

MARCO BOZZARIS

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on — the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke — to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike — till the last armed foe expires;
Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires;
God — and your native land!"

They fought — like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close

Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible — the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought —
Come, with her laurel leaf, blood-bought —
Come in her crowning hour — and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land wind, from woods of palm,

And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's:
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

1795–1820

DRAKE was a New Yorker, born and bred. After his first early struggles with poverty, life seemed to open up with shining prospects. He was graduated in medicine, and then traveled abroad for a year or two. He was happily married and he was rising in his profession. He was, Halleck said, the handsomest man in New York. Buoyant spirits brought him many friends, and he was beginning to make a name for himself in letters. But he was smitten with consumption, and died at the age of twenty-five.

Drake began to write verse at a very early age; but it was *The Croaker Pieces*, which he and Halleck wrote together, that first brought him into literary notice. They first appeared anonymously in the *Evening Post*, which later on William Cullen Bryant was to edit so long and so brilliantly. These witty verses, with their sly thrusts at well-known men and women of the day, soon became the talk of the town, and created much curiosity as to their authorship.

The longest poem that Drake wrote was *The Culprit Fay*. It is a conventional tale of some tiny fairies that were supposed to haunt the Hudson River. Drake's purpose in writing the poem was to try to prove to his friends that American streams lent themselves to poetic treatment as readily as the streams of the Old World. It was reserved for Irving, however, at a later day, to show more conclusively in his *Sketch Book* than Drake did in *The Culprit Fay* that the spirit of romance really does hover about the Hudson. But Drake's poem contains some pleasing fancies, more or less gracefully told.

To-day the best-remembered poem of Drake's is *The American Flag*. This may be pitched in too high a key to please the most rigid taste, but its patriotic appeal will probably be lasting.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there.

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,

And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
  Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
  Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
  By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
  And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
  Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
  And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY

1802–1828

PINKNEY was born in London while his father, William Pinkney of Baltimore, a lawyer and public speaker of distinction, was United States minister to Great Britain. On his return to America, he was put to school in Baltimore, but later entered the navy as a midshipman. He resigned from the navy to enter upon the practice of the law, but his

health failed and he died in Baltimore at the age of twenty-six. During his lifetime he published a tiny volume of verses which are notable for their ease and grace. Those given in this collection do not suffer greatly by comparison with similar verses by the English Cavalier poets. They were highly praised by Poe.

A HEALTH

I FILL this cup to one made up
  Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
  The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
  And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
  'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
  Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
  Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
  And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
  Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
  The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
  The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
  So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
  The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
  A picture on the brain,

And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon —
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

A SERENADE

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light;
Then, lady, up, — look out, and be
A sister to the night!

Sleep not! thine image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast:
Sleep not! from her soft sleep should fly
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay
With looks, whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day.

GEORGE POPE MORRIS

1802–1864

MORRIS lived a long and busy life, writing much in both prose and verse, but his name is kept alive by a single poem. *Woodman, spare that Tree* may seem a slender thread on which to hang a literary reputation, but the appeal which it makes, though not very strong, is sincere and universal. The cutting down of a tree, however insignificant, invariably awakens lively interest and often provokes heated discussion.

Morris was born in Philadelphia, but spent the greater part of his life in New York city, where he died. His life work was journalism. For nearly twenty years he edited the *Mirror*, which he and Samuel Woodworth, author of *The Old Oaken Bucket*, had founded together in 1823. He and N. P. Willis also founded the *Home Journal*. These two journals published much of the current literature of the day, and the editors were no inconsiderable literary figures in their time.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea —
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand —
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.

My heartstrings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

ALBERT GORTON GREENE

1802–1868

Judge Greene was born at Providence, Rhode Island, and was graduated from Brown University. While in college he wrote a popular ballad, *Old Grimes*. He studied law and was for many years judge of the Municipal Court at Providence. His interests, however, were not wholly centered in the law. He drew up the school bill of Rhode Island, and for fourteen years was president of the Rhode Island Historical Society. He was also the founder of the *Harris Collection of American Poetry* now in the possession of Brown University. His own poems were never published in a collected form.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET

O'er a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
Where in his last strong agony a dying warrior lay,

The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say my days of life are o'er,
That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no more;
They come, and to my beard they dare to tell me now, that I,
Their own liege lord and master born, — that I, ha! ha! must die.

"And what is death? I've dared him oft before the Paynim spear, —
Think ye he's entered at my gate, has come to seek me here?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight was raging hot, —
I'll try his might — I'll brave his power; defy, and fear him not.

"Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the culverin, —
Bid each retainer arm with speed, — call every vassal in,
Up with my banner on the wall, — the banquet board prepare;
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armor there!"

An hundred hands were busy then — the banquet forth was spread —
And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread,
While from the rich, dark tracery along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o'er the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate the mailed retainers poured,
On through the portal's frowning arch, and thronged around the board.
While at its head, within his dark, carved oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion, sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men, pour forth the cheering wine;
There's life and strength in every drop, — thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true? — mine eyes are waxing dim;
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim.

"You're there, but yet I see ye not. Draw forth each trusty sword
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my board;
I hear it faintly: — Louder yet! — What clogs my heavy breath?
Up all, and shout for Rudiger, 'Defiance unto Death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl — steel clanged to steel — and rose a deafening cry
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high: —
"Ho! cravens, do ye fear him? — Slaves, traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone!

"But I defy him: — let him come!" Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing halfway up;
And with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on his head,
There in his dark, carved oaken chair Old Rudiger sat, — dead.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

1806–1867

Born in Portland, Maine, educated at Andover and Yale, Willis began his literary career in Boston, where his father had founded the *Youth's Companion*. Later he removed to New York, where he spent the remainder of his life, and became the most prominent man of letters of his day in America.

His literary reputation has slowly faded since his death. Much of his work — stories, verses, and letters of travel — lies buried in the files of the *Mirror* and the *Home Journal*. It was distinguished by cleverness rather than by power or depth. But no man ever understood the taste of his own age better than did Willis. He fed this taste with sentimental stories, cleverly turned verses, and letters of travel full of personal gossip. His personal qualities, apart from his literary style, also served to increase his power over the men and women of his time. He was tall, handsome, elegant in dress, joyous in spirit, and both amiable in manner and honorable in conduct. He had, too, that deferential attitude towards women which has always been popu-

lar in America. These qualities made him a social favorite, in Europe as well as in America. So dazzling, indeed, were his personal charms that one Englishman spoke of him as a young man likely to attain the presidency, and a Boston merchant said he guessed that Goethe was the N. P. Willis of Germany.

Much of Willis's contemporary fame must, therefore, be set down to the magic of his personality. Readers of to-day, untouched by this subtle wand, easily detect in his literary work much that is false in taste, shallow in feeling, and superficial in thought. A few of his best poems, however, seem likely to survive, and his heroic struggle in the waning days of his strength to support his family in comfort will always appeal to men of spirit and honor.

UNSEEN SPIRITS

THE shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight tide,
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Along walked she; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet
And Honor charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair,
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo—
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair —
A slight girl, lily pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail:
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way! —
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is cursed alway!

SPRING

The Spring is here — the delicate-footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers,
And with it comes a thirst to be away,
In lovelier scenes to pass these sweeter hours,
A feeling like the worm's awakening wings,
Wild for companionship with swifter things.

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,
To find refreshment in the silent woods;
And nature that is beautiful and dumb,
Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods —
Yet, even there a restless thought will steal,
To teach the indolent heart it still must feel.

Strange that the audible stillness of the noon,
The waters tripping with their silver feet,
The turning to the light of leaves in June,
And the light whisper as their edges meet —
Strange — that they fill not, with their tranquil tone,
The spirit, walking in their midst alone.

There's no contentment in a world like this,
Save in forgetting the immortal dream;
We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss,
That through the cloud rifts radiantly stream;
Birdlike, the prison'd soul will lift its eye
And pine till it is hooded from the sky.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN

1806–1884

HOFFMAN was born in New York city, studied at Columbia College, and practiced law in his native city. His tastes, however, were more literary than legal. He was the first editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, founded in 1833, which was for thirty years the most conspicuous periodical of its kind in the country. It was the forerunner of *Harper's* and the *Century*. Among its contributors were Irving, Bryant, Halleck, Willis, Boker, Bayard Taylor, and George William Curtis. This group of writers formed what is often spoken of as the Knickerbocker School.

The chief literary work of Hoffman consists of novels and books of travel, all now forgotten. His verse is also fading, but it had a lyrical quality above that of the verse of most of his contemporaries.

In 1849 Hoffman's mind was sadly darkened by an insanity which kept him in seclusion the last thirty-five years of his life.

MONTEREY

WE were not many — we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day —
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if he then could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot, it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on — still on our column kept
Through walls of flame its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many — we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest,
Than not have been at Monterey?

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

1808–1895

THE author of the national hymn of America was born in Boston. He was graduated in 1829 from Harvard, where Oliver Wendell Holmes was his classmate. Three years after graduation he wrote this famous hymn. He was a Baptist clergyman, and wrote other hymns, as well as books for boys; but his name would soon be forgotten were it not for *My Country, 'tis of Thee.*

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free, —
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God our King.

PARK BENJAMIN

1809–1864

THIS journalist, lecturer, and poet was born at Demerara, British Guiana, and died at New York, where he spent the greater part of his life. His sister was married to John Lothrop Motley, the author of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic.* Benjamin edited more than one magazine in New York, and also worked on the *Tribune* under Horace Greeley. His poems were never collected. Perhaps the best known is the one given below.

THE OLD SEXTON

NIGH to a grave that was newly made,
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade;
His work was done, and he paused to wait
The funeral train at the open gate.
A relic of bygone days was he,
And his locks were white as the foamy sea;
And these words came from his lips so thin:
"I gather them in, I gather them in.

"I gather them in! for man and boy,
Year after year of grief and joy,
I've builded the houses that lie around,
In every nook of this burial ground;
Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude, one by one:
But come they strangers or come they kin —
I gather them in, I gather them in.

"Many are with me, but still I'm alone,
I'm king of the dead — and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold;
And my scepter of rule is the spade I hold:

Come they from cottage or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all!
Let them loiter in pleasure or toilfully spin —
I gather them in, I gather them in.

"I gather them in, and their final rest
Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast!"
And the sexton ceased, for the funeral train
Wound mutely o'er that solemn plain!
And I said to my heart, when time is told,
A mightier voice than that sexton's old
Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din —
"I gather them in, I gather them in."

EPES SARGENT

1813–1880

SARGENT was a considerable figure in his day as editor, novelist, dramatist, biographer, and poet. In journalism he saw service on the staffs of both the *New York Mirror* and the *Boston Transcript*. He wrote popular plays, lives of Henry Clay and Benjamin Franklin, several works on spiritualism, and a volume of poems called *Songs of the Sea*.

He was born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, and died at Boston.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

A LIFE on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!
Like an eagle caged, I pine
On this dull, unchanging shore:
Oh! give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand
Of my own swift-gliding craft:
Set sail! farewell to the land!
The gale follows fair abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam
Like an ocean bird set free;—
Like the ocean bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, Let the storm come down!
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave!

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE

1816–1850

THIS writer of graceful verses was born at Martinsburg, Virginia. He was educated at Princeton, where he was noted for his love of outdoor sports. He was admitted to the bar, but spent most of his time in writing verses and chasing foxes on his country estate in Virginia. His mind matured early, for he entered Princeton at fifteen and wrote for the *Knickerbocker Magazine* at seventeen. His talents, however, were obscured by frail health. He died at the age of thirty-four. John Esten Cooke, the novelist, was his younger brother.

FLORENCE VANE

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;

I renew in my fond vision
My heart's dear pain,
My hope, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst mark my story,
At even told, —
That spot — the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain —
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane!

But, fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under, —
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain, —
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The pansies love to dally
Where maidens sleep;

May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

1819–1902

THE life of Dr. English was unusually active and varied. He practiced both law and medicine at different times; for a number of years he was active in journalism in New York, when he was associated with Willis and Poe; he wrote a novel, made a collection of ballads and fairy stories, and from 1891 to 1895 served as a member of Congress, during which time he published a volume of poems.

Dr. English was born in Philadelphia, and was a graduate of the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania. His last years were spent in blindness at Newark, New Jersey, where he died. Throughout his long career he was a man of vigor and of striking personality.

BEN BOLT

DON'T you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, —
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.

The mill wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind of the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek for in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved
Are grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the deeps of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends — yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

MIDDLE PERIOD

I

Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, Holmes, and Lowell

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

1794–1878

The life of Bryant falls into two rather distinct parts — his work as a poet, and his career as a journalist and citizen. Much of his best poetry was written while he was a resident of Massachusetts, where he practiced law with doubtful success, but during the last fifty years of his life he edited the New York *Evening Post*, through which he rendered distinguished service to both literature and politics. In his later years the venerable poet and publicist was often spoken of as the first citizen of the Republic.

The outward facts of Bryant's life may be set down briefly. He was born at Cummington, in the western part of Massachusetts. His father was a physician, who named his son for the once famous Scotch professor of medicine, William Cullen. On his mother's side the poet was descended from John and Priscilla Alden. Young Bryant was precocious. His first poem was published in a newspaper when he was thirteen years of age. A year later he published *The Embargo*, a satire on President Jefferson, which caused much comment in Boston, where it first appeared. The sentiment of this poem appealed to the prejudices of the violent Federalists of that time, but the most notable thing about it was its unusual correctness of rhyme and meter. Indeed, careful workmanship always marked Bryant's prose and verse. In 1810 he entered Williams College as a sophomore. At the end of one year he left with an honorable dismissal, intending to enter Yale. Lack of money, however, put a stop to his college career. About this time,

when only seventeen years of age, he wrote *Thanatopsis*, his best-known poem, and during his long career he never produced anything better. When it was published in the *North American Review*, it won him instant recognition as a poet. A few months later his justly popular lines *To a Waterfowl* appeared in the same magazine. In 1821 he read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard a poem called *The Ages*. It was in this year that he was happily married to Miss Frances Fairchild at Great Barrington, Massachusetts. He now determined to give up the law and to devote his life to letters. In 1825 he was persuaded by friends to move to New York, where for a time he helped to edit an unsuccessful magazine. Then came his connection with the *Evening Post*, which marked a sharp turn in his life.

The second important period of Bryant's life had now begun. In his hands the *Evening Post* became a pattern of the purest and most virile English, a literary critic of power and discrimination, and a fearless, independent, and high-minded upholder of all that is best in the civic affairs of the Republic. Bryant wrote poetry during these fifty years of toil as an editor, but it confirmed rather than increased his reputation as a poet. Either his springs had run dry or his energies had been diverted into another channel. As the years went by he was thought of less as a poet and more as a commanding personality in public affairs. To those who saw him in his daily round he seemed a dignified, venerable, and almost majestic figure. Secure in fame and fortune, steadfastly devoted to the greatest good to the greatest number, patiently and modestly laborious, gravely gentle in all the relations of life, he walked among men as the noblest embodiment of democratic citizenship. His last public act was in keeping with his character and career. He delivered the oration in 1878 at the unveiling of a statue in Central Park to Mazzini, the Italian patriot, and suffered a sunstroke which proved fatal.

"Happily," says George William Curtis, "we may believe that he was sensible of no decay. . . . He was hale, erect, and strong to the last. All his life a lover of nature and an advocate of liberty, he stood under the trees in the beautiful park on a bright June day, and paid an eloquent tribute to a devoted servant of liberty in another land. And while his words yet lingered in the ears of those who heard him, he passed from human sight."

As a poet, Bryant holds a place in American letters which is high and secure. He has correctness of form, restraint, delicacy, simplicity,

luminousness, and he rises at times almost to majesty. What he lacked was the heat which kindles the emotions and fires the imagination. The reason for this lay in the man himself. "He was reserved, and in no sense magnetic or responsive," says one who knew him well. "There was something in his manner of the New England hills among which he was born, — a little stern and bleak and dry, although suffused with the tender and scentless splendor of the white laurel."

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart; —
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice: —

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up

Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw

In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men —
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man —
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

THE FLOOD OF YEARS

A MIGHTY Hand, from an exhaustless Urn,
Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years,
Among the nations. How the rushing waves
Bear all before them! On their foremost edge,
And there alone, is Life. The Present there
Tosses and foams, and fills the air with roar
Of mingled noises. There are they who toil,
And they who strive, and they who feast, and they

Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy swain —
Woodman and delver with the spade — is there,
And busy artisan beside his bench,
And pallid student with his written roll.
A moment on the mounting billow seen,
The floods sweep over them and they are gone.
There groups of revelers whose brows are twined
With roses, ride the topmost swell awhile,
And as they raise their flowing cups and touch
The clinking brim to brim, are whirled beneath
The waves and disappear. I hear the jar
Of beaten drums, and thunders that break forth
From cannon, where the advancing billow sends
Up to the sight long files of armëd men,
That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke.
The torrent bears them under, whelmed and hid,
Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam.
Down go the steed and rider, the plumed chief
Sinks with his followers; the head that wears
The imperial diadem goes down beside
The felon's with cropped ear and branded cheek.
A funeral train — the torrent sweeps away
Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed
Of one who dies men gather sorrowing,
And women weep aloud; the flood rolls on;
The wail is stifled and the sobbing group
Borne under. Hark to that shrill, sudden shout,
The cry of an applauding multitude,
Swayed by some loud-voiced orator who wields
The living mass as if he were its soul!
The waters choke the shout and all is still.
Lo! next a kneeling crowd, and one who spreads
The hands in prayer — the engulfing wave o'ertakes
And swallows them and him. A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows

To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,
A painter stands, and sunshine at his touch
Gathers upon his canvas, and life glows;
A poet, as he paces to and fro,
Murmurs his sounding lines. Awhile they ride
The advancing billow, till its tossing crest
Strikes them and flings them under, while their tasks
Are yet unfinished. See a mother smile
On her young babe that smiles to her again;
The torrent wrests it from her arms; she shrieks
And weeps, and midst her tears is carried down.
A beam like that of moonlight turns the spray
To glistening pearls; two lovers, hand in hand,
Rise on the billowy swell and fondly look
Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood
Flings them apart: the youth goes down; the maid
With hands outstretched in vain, and streaming eyes,
Waits for the next high wave to follow him.
An aged man succeeds; his bending form
Sinks slowly. Mingling with the sullen stream
Gleam the white locks, and then are seen no more.
Lo! wider grows the stream — a sealike flood
Saps earth's walled cities; massive palaces
Crumble before it; fortresses and towers
Dissolved in the swift waters; populous realms
Swept by the torrent see their ancient tribes
Engulfed and lost; their very languages
Stifled, and never to be uttered more.
I pause and turn my eyes, and looking back
Where that tumultuous flood has been, I see
The silent ocean of the Past, a waste
Of waters weltering over graves, its shores
Strewn with the wreck of fleets where mast and hull
Drop away piecemeal; battlemented walls
Frown idly, green with moss, and temples stand

Unroofed, forsaken by the worshipper.
There lie memorial stones, whence time has gnawed
The graven legends, thrones of kings o'erturned,
The broken altars of forgotten gods,
Foundations of old cities and long streets
Where never fall of human foot is heard,
On all the desolate pavement. I behold
Dim glimmerings of lost jewels, far within
The sleeping waters, diamond, sardonyx,
Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,
Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows
That long ago were dust; and all around
Strewn on the surface of that silent sea
Are withering bridal wreaths, and glossy locks
Shorn from dear brows by loving hands, and scrolls
O'erwritten, haply with fond words of love
And vows of friendship, and fair pages flung
Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie
A moment, and then sink away from sight.
I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,
For I behold in every one of these
A blighted hope, a separate history
Of human sorrows, telling of dear ties
Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness
Dissolved in air, and happy days too brief
That sorrowfully ended, and I think
How painfully must the poor heart have beat
In bosoms without number, as the blow
Was struck that slew their hope and broke their peace.
Sadly I turn and look before, where yet
The Flood must pass, and I behold a mist
Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood of Hope,
Divinely fair, that rest on banks of flowers,
Or wander among rainbows, fading soon
And reappearing, haply giving place

To forms of grisly aspect such as Fear
Shapes from the idle air — where serpents lift
The head to strike, and skeletons stretch forth
The bony arm in menace. Further on
A belt of darkness seems to bar the way
Long, low, and distant, where the Life to come
Touches the Life that is. The Flood of Years
Rolls toward it near and nearer. It must pass
That dismal barrier. What is there beyond?
Hear what the wise and good have said. Beyond
That belt of darkness, still the Years roll on
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
They gather up again and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
And lost to sight, all that in them was good,
Noble, and truly great, and worthy of love —
The lives of infants and ingenuous youths,
Sages and saintly women who have made
Their households happy; all are raised and borne
By that great current in its onward sweep,
Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
Around green islands with the breath
Of flowers that never wither. So they pass
From stage to stage along the shining course
Of that bright river, broadening like a sea.
As its smooth eddies curl along their way
They bring old friends together; hands are clasped
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled
Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of this grief-shadowed present, there shall be
A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw

The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken; in whose reign the eternal Change
That waits on growth and action shall proceed
With everlasting Concord hand in hand.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
  Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armëd hands
  Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
  How gushed the life blood of her brave —
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
  Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;
  Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
  And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
  The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle cry,
  Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
  Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
  Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
  Through weary day and weary year,
A wild and many-weaponed throng
  Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown — yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Alas! they are all in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the goldenrod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

THE EVENING WIND

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,

Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone; a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fullness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast;
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go — but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of Nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more;

Sweet odors in the sea air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the homesick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night,

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frost and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —
The desert and illimitable air —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone! the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

AMERICA

Oh mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years.
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step — the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Aye, let them rail — those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide;
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen; —

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the West;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates and rest
For Earth's down-trodden and oppressed,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

Oh, fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of the skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye,
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

1803–1882

The life of Emerson, although marked by few real hardships, was not so unruffled as that of Longfellow, Holmes, or Lowell. He was born at Boston, not far from the spot where Benjamin Franklin was born nearly a century earlier, and spent most of his life at Concord, where he died. His father was minister of the First Church at Boston. His ancestors, most of whom were ministers, had been settled in New England for five generations. He thus belonged to what Dr. Holmes called the "Brahmin caste" of New England, and inherited its traditions of plain living and high thinking, as well as of resolute daring. His grandfather was minister of the church at Concord when the

Revolution broke out, and urged his parishioners on to the fight at Concord Bridge in 1775, — the fight which Ralph Waldo Emerson afterwards celebrated in song. The same fighting quality was shown by Emerson, not in arms, but in a moral and intellectual way.

Emerson was eight years old when his father died. He entered the Latin School and spent a studious youth. Puritan influences were still strong, and it is said that he rarely played, and that he never owned a sled. His patriotism, however, was on the alert. While a schoolboy during the War of 1812, when a rumor came that the British were to send a fleet to blockade Boston Harbor, he went with the rest of the boys to build earthworks to protect the city. He also wrote boyish verses celebrating the victories of the American navy.

He entered Harvard in 1817. As his widowed mother found it necessary to take in boarders in order to educate her sons, Emerson got the appointment at Harvard of "President's Freshman," by which he got his lodgings free by carrying official messages. He also helped to pay his board by serving at the college commons as waiter. While at college Emerson came under the influence of such teachers as Edward Everett and George Ticknor. He was not distinguished as a scholar, but he read widely, and was appointed class poet at graduation.

For several years after leaving college he assisted his brother in conducting in Boston "a young ladies' seminary," earning money to pay his debts and to help his mother, and at the same time studying divinity. In 1829 he was appointed assistant pastor of the Second Church in Boston, and shortly became the regular minister. During this pastorate he married Miss Ellen Tucker, who died a few months afterward. Not long after the death of his wife, he severed his pastoral connection with his church, owing to a difference of opinion with his parishioners as to the importance of celebrating the Lord's Supper.

Emerson continued to preach irregularly for some years, but he never again held a charge. His loss to the church was a distinct gain to literature. In 1832 he sailed for Europe, and visited Italy, France, and Great Britain. In England he met Carlyle, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. With Carlyle he formed a lasting friendship.

Upon his return from Europe, Emerson settled in Concord, a village near Boston, where he remained for the rest of his life. In 1835 he married Miss Lidian Jackson, with whom for nearly half a century he lived happily. At Concord he farmed, he thought, and he wrote; he was also a good citizen and neighbor. By inheritance he was an aristocrat.

He had, however, exquisitely fine democratic ways. In his bearing there was never the slightest assumption of superiority. He was kindly, just, affable, but with a touch of reticence, and he bore the hard knocks of the world with such smiling serenity that people often thought him self-centered, and at times insolent. But this apparent self-sufficiency was really self-mastery.

Not long after Emerson settled at Concord, he published his first book, *Nature*, and soon afterwards delivered a notable oration on *The American Scholar* before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard. In this oration he urged American scholars to be self-reliant, and to break away from European influences. Dr. Holmes declared this oration to be "our intellectual Declaration of Independence." Lowell, then a senior in college, wrote of the event afterwards: "What crowded and breathless aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what grim silence of foregone dissent!"

After Emerson had published *Nature* and had delivered the Phi Beta Kappa oration, he was fairly launched as a man of letters. Throughout his long life he worked brilliantly in prose and verse, and he was successful on the lecture platform. His complete works consist of eleven volumes, ten in prose and one in verse. His prose consists mostly of essays, but he wrote two long volumes, *Representative Men* and *English Traits*. His essays cover a wide range of thought. They discuss manners, morals, love, solitude, and almost everything which bears upon human conduct. The gospel of self-reliance is preached in no uncertain tone; also the gospel of individualism. Be yourself, and not an imitator; rely upon yourself, and not upon others; aim high, and work hard, and be cheerful. "Hitch your waggon to a star," he said, and he did it himself; but he never let the weeds choke his corn, or failed to keep a comfortable balance in the bank. It is this sane blending of ideality and shrewd common sense that makes Emerson so stimulating a force.

Emerson's one volume of poetry, in spite of its shortcomings, seems likely to live long. In verse as in prose he was not a workman who polished his wares. Matter seemed to him more worth while than manner. It is to be regretted that his verse lacks smoothness and sensuous charm, and that the element of human passion is weak. It displays, however, a profound love of nature, an abiding patriotism, and sudden turns of thought which quicken the imagination, invigorate the spirit, and live in the memory.

CONCORD HYMN

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE BATTLE MONUMENT, APRIL 19, 1836

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

THE PROBLEM

I LIKE a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles:
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowlëd churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?

Not from vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below, —
The canticles of love and woe:
The hand that rounded Peter's dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Knowst thou what wove yon wood bird's nest
Of leaves and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?
Or how the sacred pine tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone,
And Morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye;
For out of Thought's interior sphere

These wonders rose to upper air;
And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass
Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned;
And the same power that reared the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.
The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the fathers wise, —
The Book itself before me lies,
Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger Golden Lips or mines,
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowlëd portrait dear;
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

EACH AND ALL

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hill top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear, — they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid,
As mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,

Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.
Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth:"
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club moss burs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

DAYS

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

FORBEARANCE

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
Oh, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

THE HUMBLE-BEE

Burly, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum, —
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze

Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With the color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers,
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue
And brier roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher

Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

THE SNOW-STORM

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the house mates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come, see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swanlike form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Mauger the farmer's sighs; and at the gate

A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

THE RHODORA

ON BEING ASKED WHENCE IS THE FLOWER

In May, when sea winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

GOOD-BY, PROUD WORLD!

Good-by, proud world! I'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through the weary crowds I roam;
A river ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-by to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come;
Good-by, proud world! I'm going home.

I'm going to my own hearthstone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone, —
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

1807–1882

All of the greater poets of America during the Middle Period were born in Massachusetts except Longfellow, who was born at Portland, Maine. His father was a lawyer of prominence who had once been a

member of Congress. On his mother's side, he was, like Bryant, descended from John and Priscilla Alden. There was also fighting blood in the family. His mother's father was a general in the Revolution, and his uncle, for whom he was named, was in the navy, and was killed at Tripoli.

The first book which made a strong impression on Longfellow as a boy was Irving's *Sketch-Book*, and he read it, as he says, "with ever-increasing wonder and delight, spellbound by its pleasant humour, its melancholy tenderness, its atmosphere of reverie."

Longfellow was sent to college at Bowdoin in Maine, where he was graduated, with Hawthorne as a classmate, in 1825. Another fellow-student was Franklin Pierce, who afterwards became President of the United States. In college Longfellow was noted for both high character and scholarly attainments. After graduation he spent four years in Germany, France, Italy, and Spain, familiarizing himself with the languages and literatures of those countries. On his return in 1829 he was appointed professor of modern languages at Bowdoin. In 1831 he married Miss Mary Potter, who survived only a few years. In 1834 he again went abroad for several months to study, having been called to Harvard to fill the Smith professorship of modern languages. He began his duties at Harvard in 1836, and Cambridge became his home for the remainder of his life. He lived in the old Craigie House, which was once Washington's headquarters. It was at Harvard that he won distinction both as a teacher and as a man of letters. It was during these years, too, that he married Miss Frances Appleton, with whom he lived in the greatest happiness for many years until her tragic death. Her dress caught fire and she was burned to death before her husband could put out the flames. He himself was so badly burned that he was unable to attend her funeral. But, for the most part, these years at Cambridge were happy years. Surrounded by his growing family and by devoted friends, secure in fortune, and with a widening fame, his lot was fortunate beyond that which falls to most men. When, finally, his class-room duties began to grow irksome, he resigned the Smith professorship in 1854 to James Russell Lowell, and devoted the remainder of his life to purely literary work. As a citizen and as a neighbor, his popularity was as great as it was among the great world of his readers. His life was so stainless, and his temper so kindly, that, in his last years, his benign and gracious presence fell upon the community almost like a benediction. He died rather suddenly at the age of seventy-five, and

was buried during a March snowstorm in Mount Auburn cemetery, overlooking the Charles River, in Cambridge. It was at his funeral that Emerson, old and feeble, contracted a cold which led to his death a few days later.

Longfellow's literary productiveness extended over a rather wide field. His three prose romances — *Outre-Mer*, *Hyperion*, and *Kavanagh* — are graceful, dreamy, and sentimental, but they do not show the power of narration which Longfellow displays in his longer poems. Chief of these longer poems are *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, a romance of early colonial days at Plymouth; *Evangeline*, a pastoral idyl of Acadian life in Canada; and *Hiawatha*, a tale in which he follows Freneau and Cooper in making the red man a romantic figure. He also made many graceful translations from European languages. But, after all, Longfellow's fame seems to rest most securely upon his lyrics and ballads. He knew the art of telling a story in verse effectively, while his lyrics — such, for instance, as *The Bridge* and *The Day Is Done* — have gone straight to the hearts and minds of thousands. It has been said of Longfellow that he lacked strong feeling, and also the flamelike imaginative power which belongs to very great poets; and this is true. But he has so many other poetic gifts that his fame seems reasonably sure to endure. He has unerring good taste, which has so happily been called the conscience of the mind. He has, too, grace and lucidity of phrase, the power to express rhythmically the entire range of gentle sentiment, warm human sympathy, and a lively though not powerful imagination. His very great popularity as a poet, both in America and in England — a popularity which began over half a century ago and which continues to hold — bears witness to effective and unusual artistic powers.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
  Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
  Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind gusts waft
The sea foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea mew's flight?
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white sea strand,
Waving his armëd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
'Death!' was the helmsman's hail,
'Death without quarter!'
Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloudlike we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
  She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes;
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
  On such another.

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
  The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
  Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
  My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
  Thus the tale ended.

THE CUMBERLAND

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
  On board of the Cumberland, sloop-of-war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
    The alarum of drums swept past,
    Or a bugle blast
  From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside!
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain.
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies;
"It is better to sink than to yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.

Lord, how beautiful was Thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream;
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"

The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and colder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church bells ring,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see the gleaming light,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savëd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she strove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,

Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

THE BRIDGE

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide.

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

THE DAY IS DONE

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

MY LOST YOUTH

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,

Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

THE POET AND HIS SONGS

As the birds come in Spring,
We know not from where;
As the stars come at evening
From depths of the air;

As the rain comes from the cloud,
And the brook from the ground;
As suddenly, low or loud,
Out of silence a sound;

As the grape comes to the vine,
The fruit to the tree;
As the wind comes to the pine,
And the tide to the sea;

As come the white sails of ships
O'er the ocean's verge;

As comes the smile to the lips,
The foam to the surge;

So come to the Poet his songs,
All hitherward blown
From the misty realm that belongs
To the vast unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays
He sings; and their fame
Is his, and not his; and the praise
And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day
And haunt him by night,
And he listens and needs must obey,
When the Angel says, "Write!"

NATURE

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there, —
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT TARRYTOWN

HERE lies the gentle humorist, who died
In the bright Indian Summer of his fame!
A simple stone, with but a date and name,
Marks his secluded resting-place beside

The river that he loved and glorified.
Here in the autumn of his days he came,
But the dry leaves of life were all aflame
With tints that brightened and were multiplied.
How sweet a life was his; how sweet a death!
Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours,
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer;
Dying, to leave a memory like a breath
Of summer's fall of sunshine and of showers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

THE REPUBLIC

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

DAYBREAK

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

1807–1892

THE life of Whittier differed in many respects from the lives of the other men most prominent in American letters. He was a Quaker by birth and breeding, he did not come of a noteworthy family, he was literally a barefoot boy, and he was not college bred. There are many resemblances between his life and that of Robert Burns; and it was from Burns that he got his earliest poetic impulse. Both were ardent

lovers of nature, and both sang songs of fervent patriotism. They also pictured with loving minuteness the life of the lowly.

Whittier was born on a farm near Haverhill, in Massachusetts. He went to the district school in winter, and worked on the farm in summer. His father's library contained few books, but a copy of Burns's poems fell into the boy's hands, and straightway rhymes began to run through his head. When he was seventeen, some of his verses were sent by his sister to a newspaper, and they were published in the "Poet's Corner." Whittier was working with his father in the field when the postman on horseback threw him the paper containing his poem. "His heart stood still a moment when he saw his own verses," says a writer. "Such a delight as his comes only once in the lifetime of any aspirant to literary fame. His father at last called to him to put up the paper and keep at work." Two years later an academy was started in Haverhill, and Whittier studied there two terms, supporting himself by bookkeeping, and by working at a trade which he had learned, — that of making slippers. For the next several years he was engaged in journalism — first in Boston, and later at Hartford and at Haverhill. In his home town he became a man of influence in politics. He was an organizer and a campaign manager of no ordinary ability, but his methods were always clean. He might have been elected to Congress if he had been willing to keep in the background his antislavery views, which were then unpopular. But he chose to cast personal preferment aside, and to throw himself into a cause which appealed strongly to his humanitarian instincts.

In 1838 his most important newspaper work was undertaken when he went to Philadelphia to edit the *Pennsylvania Freeman*. Through the columns of this paper he struck such hard blows at slavery and at the upholders of slavery that the printing office was mobbed and burned.

Whittier left Philadelphia in 1840, and settled down at Amesbury, not far from his birthplace, where he lived quietly for half a century. He never married. The last half of his life was spent mainly in literary work. He always adhered to his early religious belief, and his unblemished life was marked by Quakerlike simplicity and serenity. His manners, though a trifle shy and reserved, were kindly and gentle.

Whittier's prose works may, from a literary point of view, be set aside without lengthy comment. His prose, like Milton's, was written in the spirit of heated controversy, and it lacks the balance and restraint

which invariably accompany all permanent writing. The same may be said of much of his antislavery verse. It accomplished its purpose for the time, but it does not endure. His poem on *Randolph of Roanoke*, as an instance, has many very noble stanzas, but as a poem it is marred by partisan spirit, and by the desire to preach a sermon on the evils of slavery. There are a few poems of this class, however, which have literary qualities that lift them above the mass. Such poems are *The Farewell* and *Laus Deo!* which are included in this collection.

Whittier's poems of nature show a genuine love of outdoor things, and are faithful pictures of New England scenery. The most notable is *Snow-Bound*, a delightful and satisfying picture of simple rural life in New England. It has picturesqueness and warm human feeling, with occasional lines which startle the imagination.

As a writer of ballads — perhaps the most popular form of literature — Whittier takes high rank. *Maud Muller*, *Cassandra Southwick*, *Skipper Ireson's Ride*, and *The Pipes at Lucknow* show him at his best. On account of its rhythmical swing, and because of its dramatic power, *Skipper Ireson's Ride* bids fair to outlive the rest. The poet's simple and sincere piety shines out brightest in *The Eternal Goodness*. Of the personal poems, *Ichabod* is by far the strongest; it is one of the best poems ever written on the fall of greatness. In such poems as *The Eternal Goodness* and *Ichabod*, Whittier breaks away from the fleeting and the local, and makes that effective universal appeal which belongs to all enduring literature.

PROEM

WRITTEN TO INTRODUCE THE FIRST GENERAL COLLECTION OF HIS POEMS

I LOVE the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
The songs of Spenser's golden days,
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours
To breathe their marvelous notes I try;

I feel them, as the leaves and flowers
In silence feel the dewy showers,
And drink with glad, still lips the blessing of the sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear,
The jarring words of one whose rhyme
Beat often Labor's hurried time,
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seerlike power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
To drop the plummet line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

O Freedom! if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine!

ICHABOD

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Revile him not, the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains;
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

THE LOST OCCASION

Some die too late and some too soon,
At early morning, heat of noon,
Or the chill evening twilight. Thou,
Whom the rich heavens did so endow
With eyes of power and Jove's own brow,
With all the massive strength that fills
Thy home-horizon's granite hills,
With rarest gifts of heart and head
From manliest stock inherited,
New England's stateliest type of man,
In port and speech Olympian:
Whom no one met, at first, but took
A second awed and wondering look;
* * * * * * * *
Whose words in simplest homespun clad,
The Saxon strength of Cædmon's had,
With power reserved at need to reach
The Roman forum's loftiest speech,
Sweet with persuasion, eloquent
In passion, cool in argument, —
* * * * * * * *
Thou, foiled in aim and hope, bereaved

Of old friends, by the new deceived,
Too soon for us, too soon for thee,
Beside thy lonely Northern sea,
Where long and low the marsh lands spread,
Laid wearily down thy august head.

Thou shouldst have lived to feel below
Thy feet Disunion's fierce upthrow, —
The late-sprung mine that underlaid
Thy sad concessions vainly made.
Thou shouldst have seen from Sumter's wall
The star flag of the Union fall,
And armed rebellion pressing on
The broken lines of Washington!
No stronger voice than thine had then
Called out the utmost might of men,
To make the Union's charter free
And strengthen law by liberty.
How had that stern arbitrament
To thy gray age youth's vigor lent,
Shaming ambition's paltry prize
Before thy disillusioned eyes;
Breaking the spell about thee wound
Like the green withes that Sampson bound;
Redeeming in one effort grand,
Thyself and thy imperilled land!
Ah, cruel fate, that closed to thee,
O sleeper by the Northern sea,
The gates of opportunity!
God fills the gaps of human need,
Each crisis brings its word and deed.
Wise men and strong we did not lack;
But still, with memory turning back,
In the dark days we thought of thee,
And thy lone grave beside the sea.

Above that grave the east winds blow
And from the marsh lands drifting slow
The sea fog comes, with evermore
The wave wash of a lonely shore,
And sea bird's melancholy cry,
As Nature fain would typify
The sadness of a closing scene,
The loss of that which should have been.
But, where thy native mountains bare
Their foreheads to diviner air,
Fit emblem of enduring fame,
One lofty summit keeps thy name.
For thee the cosmic forces did
The rearing of that pyramid,
The prescient ages shaping with
Fire, flood, and frost thy monolith.
Sunrise and sunset lay thereon
With hands of light their benison,
The stars of midnight pause to set
Their jewels in its coronet.

THE FAREWELL

OF A VIRGINIA SLAVE MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTERS SOLD INTO SOUTHERN BONDAGE

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice swamp dank and lone.
Where the slave whip ceaseless swings,
Where the noisome insect stings,
Where the fever demon strews
Poison with the falling dews,
Where the sickly sunbeams glare
Through the hot and misty air;
Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice swamp dank and lone,

From Virginia's hills and waters;
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice swamp dank and lone.
There no mother's eye is near them,
There no mother's ear can hear them;
Never, when the torturing lash
Seams their back with many a gash,
Shall a mother's kindness bless them,
Or a mother's arms caress them.
Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters;
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice swamp dank and lone.
O, when weary, sad, and slow,
From the fields at night they go,
Faint with toil, and racked with pain,
To their cheerless homes again,
There no brother's voice shall greet them;
There no father's welcome meet them.
Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters;
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice swamp dank and lone.
From the tree whose shadow lay
On their childhood's place of play;
From the cool spring where they drank;
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank;

From the solemn house of prayer,
And the holy counsels there;
Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters;
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice swamp dank and lone;
Toiling through the weary day,
And at night the spoiler's prey.
Oh, that they had earlier died,
Sleeping calmly, side by side,
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,
And the fetter galls no more!
Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters;
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice swamp dank and lone.
By the holy love He beareth;
By the bruisëd reed He spareth;
Oh, may He, to whom alone
All their cruel wrongs are known,
Still their hope and refuge prove,
With a more than mother's love.
Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters;
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

LAUS DEO!

ON HEARING THE BELLS RING ON THE PASSAGE OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT ABOLISHING SLAVERY

It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake he has spoken;
He has smitten with his thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea

He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
"He hath triumphed gloriously!"

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than he has done?
When was ever his right hand
Over my time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme, —
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human back,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák, —
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings adroop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch shells blowing and fish horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang:

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him! — He sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay, —
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's people on her deck!
"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!"
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forevermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea, —
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away? —
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead.

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried, —
"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me, — I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him! why should we!"
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.

Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy, —
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye, —
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,

And the ground mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night, —
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,

Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread;
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:

Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

TELLING THE BEES

Here is the place; right over the hill
Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old wall still,
And the stepping stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,
And the poplars tall;
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle yard,
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'errun,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow;
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover smell in the breeze;
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how, with a lover's care,
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burs, and smoothed my hair,
And cooled at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed, —
To love, a year;
Down through the beeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now, — the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before, —
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door, —
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went, drearily singing, the chore girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened; the summer sun
Had the chill of snow;
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps
For the dead to-day;
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,
With his cane to his chin,
The old man sat; and the chore girl still
Sang to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
In my ear sounds on:
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

MY PLAYMATE

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine:
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jeweled hands
She smooths her silken gown, —
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Fallymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems, —
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice:
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours, —
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea, —
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

AMY WENTWORTH

Her fingers shame the ivory keys
They dance so light along;
The bloom upon her parted lips
Is sweeter than the song.

O perfumed suitor, spare thy smiles!
Her thoughts are not of thee;
She better loves the salted wind,
The voices of the sea.

Her heart is like an outbound ship
That at its anchor swings;
The murmur of the stranded shell
Is in the song she sings.

She sings, and, smiling, hears her praise,
But dreams the while of one
Who watches from his sea-blown deck
The icebergs in the sun.

She questions all the winds that blow,
And every fog wreath dim,
And bids the sea birds flying north
Bear messages to him.

She speeds them with the thanks of men
He perilled life to save,
And grateful prayers like holy oil
To smooth for him the wave.

Brown Viking of the fishing smack!
Fair toast of all the town!
The skipper's jerkin ill beseems
The lady's silken gown!

But ne'er shall Amy Wentworth wear
For him the blush of shame
Who dares to set his manly gifts
Against her ancient name.

The stream is brightest at its spring,
And blood is not like wine;
Nor honored less than he who heirs
Is he who founds a line.

Full lightly shall the prize be won,
If love be fortune's spur;
And never maiden stoops to him
Who lifts himself to her.

Her home is brave in Jaffrey Street,
With stately stairways worn
By feet of old Colonial knights
And ladies gentle born.

Still green about its ample porch
The English ivy twines,
Trained back to show in English oak
The herald's carven signs.

And on her, from the wainscot old,
Ancestral faces frown, —
And this has worn the soldier's sword,
And that the judge's gown.

But, strong of will and proud as they,
She walks the gallery floor
As if she trod her sailor's deck
By stormy Labrador!

The sweetbrier blooms on Kittery-side,
And green are Eliot's bowers;
Her garden is the pebbled beach,
The mosses are her flowers.

She looks across the harbor bar
To see the white gulls fly;
His greeting from the Northern sea
Is in their clanging cry.

She hums a song, and dreams that he,
As in its romance old,
Shall homeward ride with silken sails
And masts of beaten gold!

O, rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill;
But love has never known a law
Beyond its own sweet will!

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

O FRIENDS! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds:
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such
His pitying love I deem:
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas! I know:
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see.
But nothing can be good in him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above,
I know not of His hate, — I know
His goodness and his love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruisëd reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

EDGAR ALLAN POE

1809–1849

Poe came from good Revolutionary stock in Maryland. His father, however, drifted away from the traditions of the family, married an English actress, and went on the stage himself. Edgar Poe was born in a lodging house in Boston, where his parents were acting in the Federal Street Theater. His father died soon afterwards, and left his mother with three children to support. Two years after Edgar's birth she died of pneumonia in Richmond, Virginia, in great poverty and distress, in a room on the cellar floor of a theatrical lodging house.

Two of the Poe children were cared for by relatives in Baltimore, while Edgar was adopted by John Allan, a well-to-do tobacco merchant of Richmond. Mr. and Mrs. Allan were childless, and the boy, whose name was now changed to Edgar Allan Poe, was tenderly cared for and educated amid fortunate surroundings. At school he showed himself a lad of quick parts. He not only studied well, but he excelled in athletics, in debate, and in the writing of verses. In 1815 the Allans went to England, taking their adopted son with them, and putting him to school for a few years in the suburbs of London. On the whole, this seems to have been the happiest period of Poe's life. On his return to America, he entered the University of Virginia, where he stood well as a scholar. Here, however, he began to show strongly that willful and wayward spirit which did much to mar the success and happiness of his later life. He not only became subject to fits of moodiness, but began to drink to excess and to gamble at cards beyond his means. His adopted father refused to pay these gambling debts, and took Poe from the University and placed him in his own counting-room in Richmond. Proud, willful, resentful, and impatient of restraint, he ran away to Boston and enlisted in the regular army as an artilleryman under the name of Edgar A. Perry. For nearly two years he performed his duties as a soldier so well that he was made sergeant major.

On the death of Mr. Allan's wife, Poe became reconciled with his foster father, who procured his release from the army and got him an appointment as a cadet at West Point. Before going to West Point he had already published a volume of poems, and it was probably because of his growing sense of literary power that he became restless at the military academy and wished to leave. Mr. Allan objected to this

change, and Poe thereupon broke enough rules to get himself dismissed. By this time Mr. Allan had married again, and he now washed his hands of all further responsibility for his adopted son.

Poe was now, at the age of twenty-two, adrift in the world alone, with nothing save his own youth, ambition, and talents. After a hard struggle and much privation, he turned his hand to prose tales. One of his stories won a prize of a hundred dollars, but he could as yet find no publisher for a volume of stories. He resided for a time in Baltimore with his father's sister, Mrs. Clemm, where he found a friend in J. P. Kennedy, the novelist, who got for him the position of assistant editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* at Richmond. To this journal he contributed poems, stories, and critical articles of unusual merit, which rapidly brought the magazine into prominence. He now married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, of Baltimore, when he was twenty seven and she barely fourteen. A few months after his marriage he lost his position on the *Messenger*. Indeed, this is the unedifying story of his life from now on till his death at the age of forty. He edited one journal after another in Philadelphia and New York, but remained with no one long. The last five years of his life were spent in New York, where his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, supported the small family for a time by taking boarders. In 1846 he moved into a small cottage at Fordham, on the outskirts of New York city. The next year his wife died; he himself was also ill at the time. Friends in New York raised more than one subscription among themselves to relieve the pressing necessities of the unfortunate couple. Poe rallied for a while after his wife's death, and began to write and lecture. It was during this time that he wrote *The Bells* and *Annabel Lee*. He also became engaged to an old sweetheart, a Mrs. Shelton, of Richmond. A few days before the time set for the marriage, however, he was picked up in a helpless condition in the streets of Baltimore, and taken to a hospital, where in a few days he died. His remains were cared for by relatives, and buried in the yard of the Westminster Presbyterian Church.

What should be said, in all fairness, in regard to the life and character of Poe? He differed very radically in many ways from his chief contemporaries. Bryant, Emerson, Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, and Hawthorne were not only men of unblemished private life, but they were men of balance, steadiness, and self-control. The same may also be said of the greatest English men of letters. As to Poe's gambling, that probably ended with his student days. But intemper-

ance in drink was undoubtedly responsible for many of his troubles and failures. His nervous organization was so delicate that he was easily stimulated beyond self-control. Further than this, Poe's private life seems to have been without blot. He was a devoted husband, and throughout his writings there is not the slightest taint of impurity. That his temper was wayward, and that he was acutely sensitive beyond most men, is beyond doubt true. There is no evidence that he was a man of deep religious feeling, and it is also most likely that he inherited that moral irresponsibility which is so often found among player folk. That he was not grossly immoral in many ways was probably due to his inherent delicacy and refinement — a delicacy and refinement which showed itself in all his literary work.

Poe's literary work falls into three divisions — literary criticism, prose tales, and poetry. His early criticisms are marked by fairness, penetration, and luminous statement. During his later, embittered years, however, he allowed his personal dislikes and jealousies to warp his judgment. He was particularly savage in his attacks upon the greater men of New England, — attacks which called out a resentment which has not wholly died out. Even the kindly Emerson was moved to speak sneeringly of Poe as "the jingle man"; and Lowell said: —

There comes Poe with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
Three fifths of him genius and two fifths sheer fudge.

Poe's prose tales — of which *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, *The Fall of the House of Usher*, and *The Gold-Bug* are good examples — are masterpieces of skillful narration. The grewsome and the mysterious are the themes most commonly employed. Poe may be said to have invented the detective story. In both his prose tales and in his poetry he has the power of enthralling the imagination. As a writer of short stories, he takes first rank in American letters.

Poe is also a master of metrical effect in verse. He possessed in a supreme degree what Emerson called "magic of form." He has left only a small body of poetry, and this is narrow in range and somewhat lacking in human feeling. He is the poet of brooding melancholy, of decaying or vanishing beauty, of unfulfilled desires and shattered hopes; but he invests these subjects with such grace, charm, and imaginative brilliancy that even the coldly critical cannot escape the spell. Other poets have written sentimentally about fallen hopes, but Poe has done it with such hypnotic melody and with such final grace of phrase that

the mind is completely satisfied. This power to bewitch the imagination emanates from the man himself, — it was not borrowed, nor has it been successfully imitated, — and it marks him apart as a man of creative genius. He lacks, it is true, the range of the very greatest poets, yet he is, within his limits, a supreme artist.

TO HELEN

Helen, thy beauty is to me
  Like those Nicæan barks of yore
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
  The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
  To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
  Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
  To the glory that was Greece
  And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window niche
  How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
  Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
  Are Holy Land!

TO ONE IN PARADISE

Thou wast all that to me, love,
  For which my soul did pine:
A green isle in the sea, love,
  A fountain and a shrine
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
  And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
  Ah, starry Hope, that didst arise

But to be overcast!
A voice from out the Future cries,
"On! on!" — but o'er the Past
(Dim gulf) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast.

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of Life is o'er!
No more — no more — no more —
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar.

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy gray eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams —
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

THE BELLS

I

HEAR the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum bells,
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!

Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells, —
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!

In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human,
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells;
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells,
And he dances, and he yells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells,
Of the bells,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,

To the rolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells:
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore, —
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door:
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; — vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore:
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door:
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you" — here I opened wide the door: —
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore":
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore;
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore:
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door:
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore, —
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore:
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered, — "Other friends have flown before;
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore:
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never — nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore,
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee — by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted — tell me truly, I implore:
Is there — *is* there balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil — prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore:
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting:
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor:
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

THE HAUNTED PALACE

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace —
Radiant palace — reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion,
It stood there;
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow
(This — all this — was in the olden
Time long ago),
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingëd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tunëd law,
Round about a throne where, sitting,
Porphyrogene,
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travelers now within that valley
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh — but smile no more.

THE CITY IN THE SEA

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not)

Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently,
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free:
Up domes, up spires, up kingly halls,
Up fanes, up Babylon-like walls,
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers,
Up many and many a marvelous shrine
Whose wreathëd friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye, —
Not the gayly jeweled dead,
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas,
Along that wilderness of glass;
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea;

No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene!

But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave — there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide;
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven!
The waves have now a redder glow,
The hours are breathing faint and low;
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

ISRAFEL

And the angel Israfel whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures. — KORAN.

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
  Whose heart-strings are a lute;
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell),
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
  Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
  In her highest noon,
  The enamoured moon
Blushes with love,
  While, to listen, the red levin
  (With the rapid Pleiads, even,
  Which were seven)
  Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
  And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
  By which he sits and sings,
The trembling living wire
  Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
  Where deep thoughts are a duty,
Where Love's a grown-up God,
Where the Houri glances are
  Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore thou art not wrong,
  Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
  Best bard, because the wisest:
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
  With thy burning measures suit:
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
  With the fervor of thy lute:
  Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
  Is a world of sweets and sours;
  Our flowers are merely — flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
  Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
  Hath dwelt, and he where I,

He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

THE SLEEPER

At midnight, in the month of June,
I stand beneath the mystic moon.
An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,
Exhales from out her golden rim,
And, softly dripping, drop by drop,
Upon the quiet mountain top,
Steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley.
The rosemary nods upon the grave;
The lily lolls upon the wave;
Wrapping the fog about its breast,
The ruin molders into rest;
Looking like Lethe, see! the lake
A conscious slumber seems to take,
And would not, for the world, awake.
All beauty sleeps! — and lo! where lies
Irene, with her destinies!

O lady bright! can it be right,
This window open to the night?
The wanton airs, from the tree top,
Laughingly through the lattice drop;
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,
Flit through thy chamber in and out,
And wave the curtain canopy
So fitfully, so fearfully,
Above the closed and fringëd lid
'Neath which thy slumb'ring soul lies hid,

That, o'er the floor and down the wall,
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall.
O lady dear, hast thou no fear?
Why and what art thou dreaming here?
Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,
A wonder to these garden trees!
Strange is thy pallor: strange thy dress:
Strange, above all, thy length of tress,
And this all solemn silentness!

The lady sleeps. Oh, may her sleep,
Which is enduring, so be deep!
Heaven have her in its sacred keep!
This chamber changed for one more holy,
This bed for one more melancholy,
I pray to God that she may lie
Forever with unopened eye,
While the pale sheeted ghosts go by.

My love, she sleeps. Oh, may her sleep,
As it is lasting, so be deep!
Soft may the worms about her creep!
Far in the forest, dim and old,
For her may some tall vault unfold:
Some vault that oft hath flung its black
And wingëd panels fluttering back,
Triumphant, o'er the crested palls
Of her grand family funerals:
Some sepulcher, remote, alone,
Against whose portal she hath thrown,
In childhood, many an idle stone:
Some tomb from out whose sounding door
She ne'er shall force an echo more,
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin,
It was the dead who groaned within!

ULALUME

THE skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crispëd and sear,
The leaves they were withering and sear;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir:
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic
Of cypress I roamed with my Soul —
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
They were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll,
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole,
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sear,
Our memories were treacherous and sear,
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year,
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber
(Though once we had journeyed down here),
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent
And star-dials pointed to morn,

As the star-dials hinted of morn,
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous luster was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn,
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said — "She is warmer than Dian:
She rolls through an ether of sighs,
She revels in a region of sighs:
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies,
To the Lethean peace of the skies:
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes:
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting the finger,
Said — "Sadly this star I mistrust,
Her pallor I strangely mistrust:
Oh, hasten! — oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly! — let us fly! — for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings until they trailed in the dust;
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust,
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied — "This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its sibyllic splendor is beaming

With hope and in beauty to-night:
See, it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright:
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom,
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb,
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said — "What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied — "Ulalume — Ulalume —
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crispëd and sear,
As the leaves that were withering and sear,
And I cried — "It was surely October
On this very night of last year
That I journeyed — I journeyed down here,
That I brought a dread burden down here:
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber,
This misty mid region of Weir:
Well, I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingëd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;

So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;

And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,
In her sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

1809–1894

The intellectual revival in New England which made itself felt so strongly in Emerson and Longfellow had lost some of its force when it reached Holmes and Lowell. They felt its influence, but they caught only the ebb of the tide. This is especially true of Holmes. Then, too, both of these men were many other things besides poets. For a number of years they filled professorships at Harvard, and their energies and interests took so many turns that one is almost tempted to say that their lives are more interesting than their poems. Holmes, for instance, was a physician, a poet, a prose writer, a witty talker, an amiable and urbane figure in society, and a college man of a very high type, who spent the greater part of his long life in one of the most intellectual cities of the country. He represented Boston, and Boston ways, in a way that no other man of his generation could.

Holmes was born at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, under the shadow of Harvard College. His father, the Rev. Abiel Holmes, a Connecticut man and a graduate of Yale, was minister of the First Church in Cambridge. The poet's mother was of an old Massachusetts family noted for its ability at the bar. The boy was sent to Andover for his early

schooling, and later was duly graduated from Harvard in the celebrated class of 1829. In college he was a leader in the literary and dramatic society known as the Hasty Pudding Club, the archives of which still preserve some of his unpublished college verses. After graduation he turned to the law, but soon gave it up for medicine. He studied at home and abroad for several years in order to get the most thorough preparation possible, and finally took his medical degree in the same year that he published his first volume of poems. In 1840 he married Miss Amelia Lee Jackson, and settled down in Boston for the remaining fifty-four years of his life. In 1847 he was called to the chair of anatomy and physiology in the Harvard Medical School, in Boston. This chair he held until his death, but during many of those years he was also active in his profession. He wrote and published poems from time to time, but his first important literary achievement was *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, a prose work of remarkable cleverness, which began in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857. This effort placed him at once among the prominent men of letters of his day. The *Autocrat* was followed by two other interesting volumes of table-talk, *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table* and *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, but these volumes have not the freshness and sparkle of the first. He wrote three novels, — *Elsie Venner*, *A Mortal Antipathy*, and *The Guardian Angel*, — but they add little to his reputation. He continued to write both prose and verse for the magazines as long as he lived. When he was an old man in years, — he never grew old in spirit, — he spent three months in England, where he was warmly received by London letters and fashion, and honored with academic degrees.

Holmes's last days were as fortunate as they were serene. He had become a personage in Boston to whom consideration and honor were given without stint. Although he lived to be eighty-five, his faculties were unimpaired almost to the last. In stature he was almost diminutive, but he was always as alert and active in body as he was nimble and volatile in mind. His only son, who is his namesake, was appointed a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States by President Roosevelt.

Holmes was a man of intellect rather than of deep feeling or strong imagination. Hence it seems likely that *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table* will live longer than his poems. In early life he wrote *Old Ironsides* and *The Last Leaf*, and nothing that he wrote later is per-

haps so popular. Yet a handful of his poems have found their way into all anthologies, and they show as yet no signs of waning popularity. They are marked by neatness of touch, intellectual dexterity, and by grace and refinement of sentiment. But the flight of his imagination was never very high or very prolonged. He seemed incapable, too, of sustaining any one mood long. If he begins gravely, he is very apt to end in jest; and when he sets forth in a gay mood, he sometimes concludes with a sermon. And yet it is in just this skillful blending of the grave and the gay — for of such is life — that Holmes finally appears as a true and unusual artist. This quality of his poetry shows itself most clearly in his occasional verse, where the kindly, human side of the man shone out, — the friendliness that won for him so many friends. Indeed, his poetry is still so under the spell of his great personal popularity that it is not easy to guess what may be the opinion of later generations. As a poet, it seems certain that his rank is below that of his most conspicuous contemporaries; but in his mind and character he reflected so accurately the tone and temper of Unitarian Boston when Unitarianism was at its best, and he gave expression to this life with such urbane humor and such neatness of wit, that his position as a representative man of letters seems assured.

OLD IRONSIDES

Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!
  Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
  That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
  And burst the cannon's roar; —
The meteor of the ocean air
  Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
  Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
  And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
  Or know the conquered knee;

The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow ;

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here ;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathëd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings: —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

THE LIVING TEMPLE

Not in the world of light alone,
Where God has built his blazing throne,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen:
Look in upon thy wondrous frame, —
Eternal wisdom still the same!

The smooth, soft air with pulselike waves
Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
Whose streams of brightening purple rush,
Fired with a new and livelier blush,
While all their burden of decay
The ebbing current steals away,
And red with nature's flame they start
From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
Forever quivering o'er his task,
While far and wide a crimson jet
Leaps forth to fill the woven net
Which in unnumbered crossing tides
The flood of burning life divides,
Then, kindling each decaying part,
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging flame
Behold the outward moving frame,
Its living marbles jointed strong
With glistening band and silvery thong,
And linked to reason's guiding reins
By myriad rings in trembling chains,
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light,
Yet in those lucid globes no ray
By any chance shall break astray.
Hark how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals circling round,
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear
With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thought in its mysterious folds;
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes forth the sovereign will;
Think on the stormy world that dwells
Locked in its dim and clustering cells!
The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads!

O Father! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
And mould it into heavenly form!

NEARING THE SNOW-LINE

Slow toiling upward from the misty vale,
I leave the bright enameled zones below;
No more for me their beauteous bloom shall glow,
Their lingering sweetness load the morning gale;
Few are the slender flowerets, scentless, pale,
That on their ice-clad stems all trembling blow
Along the margin of unmelting snow;
Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge I hail,
White realm of peace above the flowering line;
Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky spires!
O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt planets shine,
On thy majestic altars fade the fires
That filled the air with smoke of vain desires,
And all the unclouded blue of heaven is thine!

THE BOYS

1859

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!
Old time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy, — young jackanapes! — show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?" — Yes! *white* if we please!
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close, — you will not see a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed, —
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old: —

That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge";
It's a neat little fiction, — of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," — the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend" what's his name? — don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was *true!*
So they chose him right in; a good joke it was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith, —
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free, —
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? — You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys, — always playing with tongue or with pen, —
And I sometime have asked, — Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

1819–1891

LOWELL has been fitly called the most representative American man of letters. He was more sensitive to the life that was throbbing about him than any of his contemporaries, and he reflected this life more fully in his writings. When he was an undergraduate at Harvard, Emerson was rising into fame, and Lowell in his class poem satirized him and the other reformers of the day; and yet Lowell later on was to come into sympathy with these same reformers. His early verse, too, reflects the sentimentality with which Willis and his contemporaries had charged the literary atmosphere. Then came the first *Biglow Papers*, with their indignation against the Mexican War, and later the second series, near the close of the Civil War, which gave voice, with mingled bitterness and humor, to the determined attitude of the North. Again, in 1875, there breathes through one of his odes, *Under the Old Elm*, the spirit of reconciliation and of magnanimous praise for the valor of the defeated. Lowell, too, as successor of Longfellow in the chair of modern languages at Harvard, fitly represented the academic side of American letters. In his later years, as an advocate of reform in political life, and as the representative of the nation at the Court of St. James, in London, he finally emerges as a national public figure, and becomes, in his essays and addresses, an interpreter to the Old World of the ideals of American democracy.

The early surroundings of Lowell's life were peculiarly fortunate. He was born at "Elmwood," an old colonial house in Cambridge, Massachusetts, which had been used as a hospital for wounded soldiers after the battle of Bunker Hill. He came of sound New England stock, with a sprinkling of ministers and lawyers in his family line. His father was the Rev. Charles Lowell, minister of a church in Boston. He was graduated from Harvard in 1838, and then went through the law school, but soon gave up the law for literature. His first volume of poems appeared three years after graduation, and this was followed by several other volumes, at intervals, through a long series of years.

In 1844 Lowell married Miss Maria White, a young woman of literary gifts, who was also intensely interested in all the reforms that were then in the air. It is often asserted that Lowell, always susceptible to surrounding influences, was led by his wife to join the antislavery move-

ment, but it is more than likely that it was his strong humanitarian impulses which drew him into this struggle. For a time he worked on an antislavery newspaper in Philadelphia, but soon returned with his wife to his father's house at Cambridge. Here, however, he continued to write for antislavery and other journals. In 1846 there began to appear in the *Boston Courier* his *Biglow Papers*, written in the up-country Yankee dialect, and satirizing the motives which are supposed to have led to the Mexican War. These satires were well received by the public, and Lowell had now made a promising start as a professional man of letters. A series of successful lectures delivered in Boston at the Lowell Institute, an institution founded by his cousin, led to his appointment, in 1855, as Longfellow's successor as Smith professor of modern languages at Harvard. During the years that he held this professorship, he edited, at different times, both the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *North American Review*, and he published volumes of verse and literary essays; but his most important literary production during this time was the second series of *The Biglow Papers*, which dealt with the Civil War.

The years that followed *The Biglow Papers* were the most fruitful years of Lowell's life. In 1865 he wrote a noble ode in commemoration of the Harvard men who fell in battle; and, in 1875, he wrote *Under the Old Elm*, celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of Washington's taking command of the American army at Cambridge. In this ode he showed himself too broadly patriotic to cherish any of the animosity bred by the Civil War. Lowell's greatest opportunity came in 1880, when, after serving for three years as minister to Spain, he was transferred to the Court of St. James in London. His character broadened and his talents ripened during these years of diplomatic service. He developed, rather to the surprise of his friends, into a wise, witty, and wholly effective public speaker. He was in special demand in England for after-dinner speeches, and for occasional literary and political addresses. His address on *Democracy* was a clear-sighted and forceful presentation to an English audience of the ideals of democratic America. Its freedom from boastfulness, its plain recognition of dangers, its calm hopefulness for the future, mark Lowell as a remarkably intelligent and well-poised American citizen of the great world.

On his return to America, in 1885, Lowell settled down quietly among his books and friends at Cambridge. But he interested himself in the independent movement in politics which sprang up during

the presidential campaign of 1884, — a movement to reform the civil service, and to elevate the tone of public life. He had ceased to be a strict party man, because the day of intense partisanship had passed. During the few remaining years of his life, he was, like Bryant before him, commonly regarded as the first citizen of the Republic.

As an American man of letters, Lowell's place seems secure in the first group; but critics are not of one mind as to his relative position in this group. He lacks Emerson's intellectual steadiness and imaginative reach; he has not Longfellow's supreme good taste and gift of simple melody; and he is far behind Poe in perfection of form and in lyric power. But there are two qualities that Lowell possessed in a high degree, — patriotic fervor and a sense of humor. Both of these qualities find abundant expression in *The Biglow Papers*. In the commemoration odes there is the spirit of elevated and sustained patriotism. Humor sparkles through the whimsical *Fable for Critics*, and is found in many of his prose essays, notably in the one *On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners*. Finally, then, Lowell, while not our greatest writer, is our most representative man of letters, since his writings reflect so variously the experiences of his generation; and he was, moreover, a greater citizen than any of his literary contemporaries.

WHAT IS SO RARE AS A DAY IN JUNE?

FROM *THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL*

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?
Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;

And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

THE COURTIN'

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur 'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in —
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back f'om Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm f'om floor to ceilin',

An' she looked full ez rosy agin
  Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
  On sech a blessed cretur;
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
  Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
  Clear grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
  Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
  He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells —
  All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
  All crinkly like curled maple;
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
  Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
  Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring
  She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
  When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru its crown a pair
  O' blue eyes sot upun it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
  She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
  Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper, —
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle;
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin'" —
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals act so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin";
Says she, "Think likely, Mister";
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,

All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

A VISION OF PEACE

FROM *THE BIGLOW PAPERS*

UNDER the yaller-pines I house,
When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,
An' hear among their furry boughs
The baskin' west-wind purr contented,
While 'way o'erhead, ez sweet an' low
Ez distant bells thet ring for meetin',
The wedged wil' geese their bugles blow,
Further an' further South retreatin'.

Or up the slippery knob I strain
An' see a hunderd hills like islan's
Lift their blue woods in broken chain
Out o' the sea o' snowy silence;

The farm-smokes, sweetes' sight on airth,
  Slow thru the winter air a-shrinkin'
Seem kin' o' sad, an' roun' the hearth
  Of empty places set me thinkin'.
* * * * * * * *
Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
  I hear the drummers makin' riot,
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
  Thet follered once an' now are quiet, —
White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
  Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,
Whose comin' step ther' 's ears thet won't,
  No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?
  Didn't I love to see 'em growin',
Three likely lads ez wal could be,
  Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'?
I set an' look into the blaze
  Whose natur', jes' like theirn, keeps climbin',
Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
  An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
  On War's red techstone rang true metal,
Who ventered life an' love an' youth
  For the gret prize o' death in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen
  Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
  Thet rived the rebel line asunder?

'Tain't right to hev the young go fust,
  All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,
Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust
  To try an' make b'lieve fill their places:

Nothin' but tells us wut we miss,
  Ther' 's gaps our lives can't never fay in,
An' *thet* world seems so fur from this
  Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in.

My eyes cloud up for rain; my mouth
  Will take to twitchin' roun' the corners;
I pity mothers, tu, down South,
  For all they sot among the scorners.

* * * * * * * *

Come, Peace! not like a mourner bowed
  For honor lost an' dear ones wasted,
But proud, to meet a people proud,
  With eyes thet tell o' triumph tasted!
Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,
  An' step thet proves ye Victory's daughter!
Longin' for you, our sperits wilt
  Like shipwrecked men's on raf's for water.

Come while our country feels the lift
  Of a gret instinct shoutin' forwards,
An' knows thet freedom ain't a gift
  Thet tarries long in han's o' cowards!
Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when
  They kissed their cross with lips thet quivered,
An' bring fair wages for brave men,
  A nation saved, a race delivered!

LINCOLN

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
  Whom late the Nation he had led,
  With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn

To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapor's blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;
Here was a type of the true elder race,

And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

VIRGINIA

FROM *UNDER THE OLD ELM*

Virginia gave us this imperial man
Cast in the massive mould
Of those high-statured ages old
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
She gave us this unblemished gentleman:
What shall we give her back but love and praise
As in the dear old unestrangëd days
Before the inevitable wrong began?
Mother of States and undiminished men,
Thou gavest us a country, giving him,
And we owe always what we owed thee then:
The boon thou wouldst have snatched from us again

Shines as before with no abatement dim.
A great man's memory is the only thing
With influence to outlast the present whim
And bind us as when here he knit our golden ring.
All of him that was subject to the hours
Lies in thy soil and makes it part of ours:
Across more recent graves,
Where unresentful Nature waves
Her pennons o'er the shot-plowed sod,
Proclaiming the sweet Truce of God,
We from this consecrated plain stretch out
Our hands as free from afterthought or doubt
As here the united North
Poured her embrownëd manhood forth
In welcome of our savior and thy son.
Through battle we have better learned thy worth,
The long-breathed valor and undaunted will,
Which, like his own, the day's disaster done,
Could, safe in manhood, suffer and be still.
Both thine and ours the victory hardly won;
If ever with distempered voice or pen
We have misdeemed thee, here we take it back,
And for the dead of both don common black.
Be to us evermore as thou wast then,
As we forget thou hast not always been,
Mother of States and unpolluted men,
Virginia, fitly named from England's manly queen!

TO THE DANDELION

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they

An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
  May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
  Than all the prouder summer blooms may be.

  Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
  Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
  'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
  To take it at God's value, but pass by
  The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

  Thou art my tropics and my Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
  The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space of time:
  Not in mid June the golden cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
  His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
  From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

  Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
  Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,
  Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
  Some woodland gap, and of a sky above,
  Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears
When birds and flowers were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

HEBE

I saw the twinkle of white feet,
I saw the flash of robes descending;
Before her ran an influence fleet,
That bowed my heart like barley bending.

As, in bare fields, the searching bees
Pilot to blooms beyond our finding,
It led me on, by sweet degrees
Joy's simple honey-cells unbinding.

Those Graces were that seemed grim Fates;
With nearer love the sky leaned o'er me;
The long-sought Secret's golden gates
On musical hinges swung before me.

I saw the brimmed bowl in her grasp
Thrilling with godhood; like a lover
I sprang the proffered life to clasp; —
The beaker fell; the luck was over.

The earth has drunk the vintage up;
What boots it patch the goblet's splinters?
Can Summer fill the icy cup,
Whose treacherous crystal is but winter's?

O spendthrift haste! await the Gods;
The nectar crowns the lips of Patience;
Haste scatters on unthankful sods
The immortal gift in vain libations.

Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,
And shuns the hand would seize upon her;
Follow thy life, and she will sue
To pour for thee the cup of honor.

SHE CAME AND WENT

As a twig trembles, which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred; —
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,
The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven; —
I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps
The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps; —
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays;—
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will brim,
Only to think she came and went.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN

SUMMER

The little gate was reached at last,
Half hid in lilacs down the lane;
She pushed it wide, and, as she past,
A wistful look she backward cast,
And said, — "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

With hand on latch, a vision white
Lingered reluctant, and again
Half doubting if she did aright,
Soft as the dews that fell that night,
She said, — "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair;
I linger in delicious pain;
Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air
To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
Thinks she, — "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

'Tis thirteen years; once more I press
The turf that silences the lane;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilacs, and — ah, yes,
I hear, — "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art !
The English words had seemed too fain,
But these — they drew us heart to heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart ;
She said, — "*Auf wiedersehen !*" 5

II

Additional Poets

WALT WHITMAN

1819–1892

WALT WHITMAN was born at West Hills, Long Island, New York, of plain but sturdy English and Dutch ancestry. When he was four years old his father removed to Brooklyn, where his son studied in the public schools. Later he learned the printer's trade, taught school, and edited a newspaper. His early verse attracted little attention, but in 1855 his *Leaves of Grass* created much discussion. During the Civil War he permanently impaired his rugged health by a service of three years as a volunteer army nurse in and around Washington. His experiences in the war inspired a volume of poems, *Drum-Taps*, from which the three poems given here are taken.

After the war, Whitman was appointed to a government clerkship at Washington, a position which he held until his health failed. His last years were spent at Camden, New Jersey, where he died and was buried. He rests beneath an imposing tomb designed by himself.

Whitman's verse displays a strong love of nature and of human kind ; and through it all breathes the breath of a virile and sincere patriotism.

O CAPTAIN ! MY CAPTAIN !

O CAPTAIN ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring ;

But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle thrills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths — for you the shores acrowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

AS TOILSOME I WANDER'D VIRGINIA'S WOODS

As toilsome I wander'd Virginia's woods,
To the music of rustling leaves, kick'd by my foot (for 'twas autumn),
I mark'd at the foot of a tree the grave of a soldier,
Mortally wounded he, and buried on the retreat (easily all could I understand);
The halt of a midday hour, when up! no time to lose, — yet this sign left,
On a tablet scrawl'd and nailed on the tree by the grave, —
Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.

Long, long I muse, then on my way go wandering;
Many a changeful season to follow, and many a scene of life;
Yet at times through changeful season and scene, abrupt, alone, or in the crowded street,
Comes before me the unknown soldier's grave — comes the inscription rude in Virginia's woods, —
Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,
I mourned, and yet shall mourn with ever returning spring.
O ever returning Spring! trinity sure to me you bring;
Lilac, blooming perennial, and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love.

O powerful, western, fallen star!
O shades of night! O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappear'd! O the black murk that hides the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless! O helpless soul of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud, that will not free my soul!

In the dooryard fronting an old farmhouse, near the whitewash'd palings,
Stands the lilac bush, tall-growing, with heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
With many a pointed blossom, rising, delicate, with the perfume strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle . . . and from this bush in the dooryard,
With delicate-color'd blossoms, and heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
A sprig, with its flower, I break.

In the swamp, in secluded recesses,
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song. Solitary the thrush,
The hermit, withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
Sings by himself a song. Song of the bleeding throat!
Death's outlet song of life — (for well, dear brother, I know
If thou wast not gifted to sing thou wouldst surely die).

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
Amid lanes, and through old woods (where lately the violets peep'd from the ground, spotting the gray débris);
Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes — passing the endless grass;
Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every grain from its shroud in the dark-brown fields uprising;
Passing the apple tree blows of white and pink in the orchards;
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
Night and day journeys a coffin.

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night, with the great cloud darkening the land,
With the pomp of the inloop'd flags, with the cities draped in black,
With the show of the States themselves, as of crape-veil'd women, standing,
With processions long and winding, and the flambeaus of the night,
With the countless torches lit — with the silent sea of faces and the unbared heads,
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the somber faces,
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong and solemn;
With all the mournful voices of the dirges, pour'd around the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs —
Where amid these you journey,

With the toiling, toiling bells' perpetual clang;
Here! coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

* * * * * * * *

Sing on there in the swamp!
O singer bashful and tender! I hear your notes — I hear your call;
I hear — I come presently — I understand you;
But a moment I linger — for the lustrous star has detained me;
The star, my departing comrade, holds and detains me.

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that has gone?
And what shall my perfume be, for the grave of him I love?
Sea winds, blown from east and west,
Blown from the eastern sea, and blown from the western sea, till there on the prairies meeting:
These, and with these, and the breath of my chant,
I perfume the grave of him I love.

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,
To adorn the burial house of him I love?
Pictures of growing spring, and farms, and homes,
With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the gray smoke lucid and bright,
With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent, sinking sun, burning, expanding the air;
With the fresh green herbage under foot, and the pale green leaves of the trees prolific;
In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the river, with a wind-dapple here and there;
With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line against the sky, and shadows;

And the city at hand, with dwellings so dense, and stacks of chimneys,
And all the scenes of life, and the workshops, and the workmen homeward returning.

Lo! body and soul! this land!
Mighty Manhattan, with spires, and the sparkling and hurrying tides, and the ships;
The varied and ample land — the South and the North in the light — Ohio's shores, and flashing Missouri,
And even the far-spreading prairies, cover'd with grass and corn.
Lo! the most excellent sun, so calm and haughty;
The violet and purple moon, with just-felt breezes;
The gentle, soft-born, measureless light;
The miracle, spreading, bathing all — the fulfill'd noon;
The coming eve, delicious — the welcome night, and the stars,
Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land.

Sing on! sing on, you gray-brown bird!
Sing from the swamps, the recesses — pour your chant from the bushes;
Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.
Sing on, dearest brother — warble your reedy song;
Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.
O liquid, and free, and tender!
O wild and loose to my soul! O wondrous singer!
You only I hear . . . yet the star holds me (but will soon depart);
Yet the lilac, with mastering odor, holds me.

Now while I sat in the day, and look'd forth,
In the close of the day, with its light, and the fields of spring, and the farmer preparing his crops,
In the large unconscious scenery of my land, with its lakes and forests,

In the heavenly aerial beauty (after the perturb'd winds, and the storms);
Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing, and the voices of children and women,
The many-moving sea tides,—and I saw the ships how they sail'd,
And the summer approaching with richness, and the fields all busy with labor,
And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on, each with its meals and minutia of daily usages;
And the streets, how their throbbings throbb'd, and the cities pent — lo! then and there,
Falling upon them all, and among them all, enveloping me with the rest,
Appear'd the cloud, appeared the long black trail;
And I knew Death, its thought, and the sacred knowledge of death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me,
And the thought of death close — walking the other side of me,
And I in the middle, as with companions, and as holding the hands of companions,
I fled forth to the hiding receiving night, that talks not,
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the dimness,
To the solemn shadowy cedars, and ghostly pines so still.
And the singer so shy to the rest receiv'd me;
The gray-brown bird I know, received us comrades three;
And he sang what seem'd the carol of death, and a verse for him I love.
From deep secluded recesses,
From the fragrant cedars, and the ghostly pines so still,
Came the carol of the bird.
And the charm of the carol rapt me,
As I held, as if by their hands, my comrades in the night;
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

HENRY PETERSON

1818–1891

PUBLISHER, editor, poet, Peterson was born in Philadelphia, where he spent most of his life. For twenty years he was assistant editor of the *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post*, a weekly paper founded by Benjamin Franklin. He published two volumes of poems, and also wrote several plays.

FROM AN "ODE FOR DECORATION DAY"

O GALLANT brothers of the generous South,
Foes for a day and brothers for all time!
I charge you by the memories of our youth,
By Yorktown's field and Montezuma's clime,
Hold our dead sacred — let them quietly rest
In your unnumbered vales, where God thought best.
Your vines and flowers learned long since to forgive,
And o'er their graves a broidered mantle weave:
Be you as kind as they are, and the word
Shall reach the Northland with each summer bird,
And thoughts as sweet as summer shall awake
Responsive to your kindness, and shall make
Our peace the peace of brothers once again,
And banish utterly the days of pain.

And ye, O Northmen! be ye not outdone
In generous thought and deed.
We all do need forgiveness, every one;
And they that give shall find it in their need.
Spare of your flowers to deck the stranger's grave,
Who died for a lost cause: —
A soul more daring, resolute, and brave,
Ne'er won a world's applause.
A brave man's hatred pauses at the tomb.
For him some Southern home was robed in gloom,

Some wife or mother looked with longing eyes
Through the sad days and nights with tears and sighs,
Hope slowly hardening into gaunt Despair.
Then let your foeman's grave remembrance share:
Pity a higher charm to Valor lends,
And in the realms of Sorrow all are friends.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

1819–1895

THE poetry of Story is marked by refinement and careful workmanship rather than by power. His fame rests chiefly upon his work as a sculptor. He was born at Salem, Massachusetts, was graduated from Harvard, and started life as a lawyer. His father was a justice of the United States Supreme Court. The son, however, gave up law for sculpture, and spent the greater part of his life in Italy, where he died. He published several volumes of essays and poems, one novel, and one play.

IO VICTIS

I SING the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the Battle of Life, —
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,

From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day
With the wreck of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With Death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown,

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, — its pæan for those who have won;
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun
Glad banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the field of defeat,
In the shadow, with those who have fallen, and wounded, and dying, and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, "They only the victory win,
Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight, — if need be, to die."

Speak, History! who are Life's victors? Unroll thy long annals, and say,
Are they those whom the world called the victors — who won the success of a day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans, who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

JULIA WARD HOWE

1819–

Mrs. Howe was born in New York city, where her father, Samuel Ward, was a banker. She was married to Dr. S. G. Howe of Boston, and with him she edited an antislavery paper in that city. Her life has been a long and busy one. She has written several volumes of verse, travel, and biography; and she has been an earnest advocate, both as a writer and as a lecturer, of woman suffrage and of prison reforms.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on. 8

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat: 14
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on. 20

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS

1819–1892

THE poem given below, *Lines on a Bust of Dante*, is the best-known short poem by Parsons. He also translated several cantos of Dante's *Inferno*, and he was a lifelong and sympathetic student of the great Italian poet. He was born in Boston and educated at the Boston Latin School. He was a dentist by profession, and practiced in London and Boston, residing in the latter city during the last twenty years of his life. He is the author of several volumes of verse.

ON A BUST OF DANTE

SEE, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song:
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn, abide;
Small friendship for the lordly throng;
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was, — but a fight!
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibelline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,

Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the convent's guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
Was peace, that pilgrim's one request.

Peace dwells not here, — this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When hell he peopled with his foes,
Dread scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou;
That poor old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other Virgil now:

Before his name the nations bow;
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

THEODORE O'HARA

1820–1867

Lawyer, poet, editor, and soldier of fortune, O'Hara was born of Irish parentage at Danville, Kentucky. He served in the Mexican War and was wounded at Cherubusco. He was brevetted major on the field for gallantry. Later he joined filibustering expeditions to Cuba and Nicaragua. On his return, he was made a captain in the Second Cavalry, U.S.A., but he resigned this position and became editor of the *Mobile Register*. He also practiced law in Washington. At the outbreak of the Civil War he joined the Confederate army, serving with the rank of colonel, and seeing hard service at Shiloh and in the seven days' fighting around Richmond After the war he engaged in the cotton business at Columbus, Georgia. He lost everything by fire, and retired to a plantation in Alabama, where he died. In 1874 the Kentucky legislature had his remains removed to his native state.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;

No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumëd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchward of that day
Was "Victory or Death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;

And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his beloved land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from war his richest spoil —
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;

The sunshine of their native sky
  Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
  The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
  Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
  The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
  While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
  Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
  In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
  The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
  Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
  That gilds your deathless tomb.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

1822–1872

READ was a portrait painter by profession. He practiced his art in various eastern cities, but he was chiefly identified with Philadelphia. He is the author of several volumes of verse, and also edited a collection of verse, *Female Poets of America*. His most popular poem, *Sheridan's Ride*, is spirited and patriotic, but it is lacking in poise and finish. The poem given below shows much higher poetic ability. Read was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and died in New York city.

DRIFTING

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingëd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swings round the purple peaks remote: —

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies,—
O'erveiled with vines
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,

Under the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips,
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one, —
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar:
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

JOHN RANDOLPH THOMPSON

1823–1873

THOMPSON was born in Richmond, Virginia, and died in New York city. After being graduated from the University of Virginia, he studied law and made his home in Richmond. He soon turned aside from the law, however, and became editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, which Poe had edited several years earlier. Under his editorship this journal was successful. In 1863 he went abroad in search of health. While in London he wrote much for the newspapers. On his return to

America, he became the skillful literary editor of the *New York Evening Post*, under the management of William Cullen Bryant. He held this position until his health failed. He is buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond. His verse has never been collected, and most of it has been obscured by the lapse of time.

MUSIC IN CAMP

Two armies covered hill and plain,
  Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
  Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
  In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
  Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew it made
  No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
  Rolled slowly from the river.

And now, where circling hills looked down
  With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
  The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
  A strain — now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
  With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which, eve and morn,
  Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up, with flute and horn
  And lively clash of cymbal,

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still, and then the band,
With movement light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream with burnished glow
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpets pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew,
To kiss the shining pebbles;
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugles sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang —
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
And silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,

So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue or Gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished, as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of music shines,
That bright celestial creature,
Who still, mid war's embattled lines,
Gave this one touch of Nature.

FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR

1822–1874

DR. TICKNOR practiced medicine in Georgia, where he was born and where he died. His leisure was spent in cultivating roses and in writing verses. He is best remembered by his war poems. A volume of his verse was collected and edited by Paul Hamilton Hayne.

LITTLE GIFFEN

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle, and *he* sixteen!)
Specter! such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen, of Tennessee!

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeons said;
Little the doctor can help the dead!
So we took him; and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed,—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath,—
Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death.
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton "learned to write."
"Dear mother," at first, of course; and then
"Dear captain," inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer: "Of eighty-and-five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war, one day;
Johnston pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear — his first — as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of the fight;
But none of Giffen. — He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For "Little Giffen," of Tennessee.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER

1823–1890

DRAMATIST and diplomat, Boker was born in Philadelphia, where he spent most of his life, and where he died. After he was graduated from Princeton, he went abroad for travel. He was active with his pen and voice during the Civil War. In 1871 he was appointed United States minister to Turkey, and later served in the same capacity in Russia. Boker published several volumes of verse, but he was most successful as a writer of metrical dramas. His *Francesca da Rimini* has held the stage for many years. It not only has poetic merit, but it shows knowledge of stage-craft. His ballads, especially the war poems, are justly popular.

A BALLAD OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN

O, WHITHER sail you, Sir John Franklin?
Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.
To know if between the land and the pole
I may find a broad sea way.

I charge you back, Sir John Franklin,
As you would live and thrive;
For between the land and the frozen pole
No man may sail alive.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And spoke unto his men:
Half England is wrong, if he be right;
Bear off to westward then.

O, whither sail you, brave Englishman?
Cried the little Esquimau.
Between your land and the polar star
My goodly vessels go.

Come down, if you would journey there,
The little Indian said;
And change your cloth for fur clothing,
Your vessel for a sled.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And the crew laughed with him too: —
A sailor to change from ship to sled,
I ween, were something new.

All through the long, long polar day,
The vessels westward sped;
And wherever the sail of Sir John was blown,
The ice gave way and fled: —

Gave way with many a hollow groan,
And with many a surly roar,
But it murmured and threatened on every side,
And closed where he sailed before.

Ho! see ye not, my merry men,
The broad and open sea?
Bethink ye what the whaler said,
Think of the little Indian's sled!
The crew laughed out in glee.

Sir John, Sir John, 'tis bitter cold,
The scud drives on the breeze,
The ice comes looming from the north,
The very sunbeams freeze.

Bright summer goes, dark winter comes, —
We cannot rule the year;
But long ere summer's sun goes down,
On yonder sea we'll steer.

The dripping icebergs dipped and rose,
And floundered down the gale;
The ships were stayed, the yards were manned,
And furled the useless sail.

The summer's gone, the winter's come, —
We sail not on yonder sea:
Why sail we not, Sir John Franklin? —
A silent man was he.

The summer goes, the winter comes, —
We cannot rule the year:
I ween we cannot rule the ways,
Sir John, wherein we'd steer.

The cruel ice came floating on,
And closed beneath the lee,
Till the thickening waters dashed no more:
'Twas ice around, behind, before —
My God! there is no sea!

What think you of the whaler now?
What of the Esquimau?
A sled were better than a ship,
To cruise through ice and snow.

Down sank the baleful crimson sun,
The northern light came out,
And glared upon the ice-bound ships,
And shook its spears about.

The snow came down, storm breeding storm,
And on the decks was laid,
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,
Sank down beside his spade.

Sir John, the night is black and long,
The hissing wind is bleak,
The hard, green ice as strong as death: —
I prithee, Captain, speak!

The night is neither bright nor short,
The singing breeze is cold, —
The ice is not so strong as hope,
The heart of man is bold!

What hope can scale this icy wall,
High over the main flagstaff?
Above the ridges the wolf and bear
Look down, with a patient, settled stare,
Look down on us and laugh.

The summer went, the winter came, —
We could not rule the year;
But summer will melt the ice again,
And open a path to the sunny main,
Whereon our ships shall steer.

The winter went, the summer went,
The winter came around;
But the hard, green ice was strong as death,
And the voice of hope sank to a breath,
Yet caught at every sound.

Hark! heard you not the noise of guns? —
And there, and there, again?
'Tis some uneasy iceberg's roar,
As he turns in the frozen main.

Hurra! Hurra! the Esquimaux
Across the ice fields steal:
God give them grace for their charity! —
Ye pray for the silly seal.

Sir John, where are the English fields,
And where are the English trees,
And where are the little English flowers
That open in the breeze?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
You shall see the fields again,
And smell the scent of the opening flowers,
The grass, and the waving grain.

Oh! when shall I see my orphan child?
My Mary waits for me.
Oh! when shall I see my old mother,
And pray at her trembling knee?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
Think not such thoughts again.
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek:
He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold,
The ice grows more and more;
More settled stare the wolf and bear,
More patient than before.

O, think you, good Sir John Franklin,
We'll ever see the land?
'Twas cruel to send us here to starve,
Without a helping hand.

'Twas cruel, Sir John, to send us here,
So far from help or home,
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea:
I ween the lords of the Admiralty
Would rather send than come.

Oh! whether we starve to death alone,
Or sail to our own country,
We have done what man has never done —
The truth is founded, the secret won —
We passed the Northern Sea!

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?

Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

BAYARD TAYLOR

1825–1878

Very few American literary men have led such a restless and laborious life as Bayard Taylor. He was born and brought up in a small Quaker town in Pennsylvania. From his early youth he was ambitious to be a poet and to travel. His verses began to appear in newspapers when he was sixteen, and he published a volume of poems before he was twenty. He tramped through Europe for two years, enduring many hardships, and wrote a popular book about his experiences. He also lived the life of a gold digger in California. Whatever he saw or experienced he put into newspaper articles or books of travel; and few men traveled so much. Many novels and several volumes of verse also came from his pen. He was tireless, quick-witted, versatile, and had a wide circle of friends and acquaintances among the brighter spirits of his time. In 1878 he was appointed United States minister to Germany, where he died not long after his arrival, having heroically endured great physical pain.

BEDOUIN SONG

From the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;

And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

AMERICA

FROM THE NATIONAL ODE, JULY 4, 1876

Foreseen in the vision of sages,
Foretold when martyrs bled,
She was born of the longing of ages,
By the truth of the noble dead
And the faith of the living fed!
No blood in her lightest veins
Frets at remembered chains,
Nor shame of bondage has bowed her head.
In her form and features still
The unblenching Puritan will,
Cavalier honor, Huguenot grace,
The Quaker truth and sweetness,
And the strength of the danger-girdled race
Of Holland, blend in a proud completeness.
From the homes of all, where her being began,
She took what she gave to Man;
Justice, that knew no station,
Belief, as soul decreed,
Free air for aspiration,
Free force for independent deed!
She takes, but to give again,
As the sea returns the rivers in rain;
And gathers the chosen of her seed
From the hunted of every crown and creed.
Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine;
Her Ireland sees the old sunburst shine;
Her France pursues some stream divine;
Her Norway keeps his mountain pine;
Her Italy waits by the western brine;
And, broad-based under all,
Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,
As rich in fortitude

As e'er went worldward from the island-wall!
Fused in her candid light,
To one strong race all races here unite;
Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen
Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan.
'Twas glory, once, to be a Roman:
She makes it glory, now, to be a man!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

1825–1903

STODDARD was born at Hingham, Massachusetts. His father was a sea captain, and was lost at sea. He removed to New York in 1835 with his mother, where he lived the greater part of his long and busy life. His early education was scant, but he became a diligent reader of the best English poets. He soon began to contribute both prose and verse to the newspapers and magazines, and this was kept up through a long series of years. He is the author of many volumes of poems and essays, but during his maturer years his reputation rested mainly upon his work as a journalist. For over twenty years he was the literary editor of the *New York Mail and Express*. In his last years he was a venerable and conspicuous figure in the literary circles of New York.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN[1]

NOT as when some great Captain falls
In battle, where his Country calls,
Beyond the struggling lines
That push his dread designs

To doom, by some stray ball struck dead:
Or, in the last charge, at the head
Of his determined men,
Who *must* be victors then.

[1] From *Poetical Writings*. Copyright, 1880. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Nor as when sink the civic great,
The safer pillars of the State,
Whose calm, mature, wise words
Suppress the need of swords.

With no such tears as e'er were shed
Above the noblest of our dead
Do we to-day deplore
The Man that is no more.

Our sorrow hath a wider scope,
Too strange for fear, too vast for hope,
A wonder, blind and dumb,
That waits — what is to come!

Not more astounded had we been
If Madness, that dark night, unseen,
Had in our chambers crept,
And murdered while we slept!

We woke to find a mourning earth,
Our Lares shivered on the hearth,
The roof-tree fallen, all
That could affright, appall!

Such thunderbolts, in other lands,
Have smitten the rod from royal hands,
But spared, with us, till now,
Each laureled Cæsar's brow.

No Cæsar he whom we lament,
A Man without a precedent,
Sent, it would seem, to do
His work, and perish, too.

Not by the weary cares of State,
The endless tasks, which will not wait,
Which, often done in vain,
Must yet be done again:

Not in the dark, wild tide of war,
Which rose so high, and rolled so far,
Sweeping from sea to sea
In awful anarchy:

Four fateful years of mortal strife,
Which slowly drained the nation's life,
(Yet for each drop that ran
There sprang an armëd man!)

Not then; but when, by measures meet,
By victory, and by defeat,
By courage, patience, skill,
The people's fixed "*We will!*"

Had pierced, had crushed Rebellion dead,
Without a hand, without a head,
At last, when all was well,
He fell, O how he fell!

The time, the place, the stealing shape,
The coward shot, the swift escápe,
The wife — the widow's scream, —
It is a hideous Dream!

A dream? What means this pageant, then?
These multitudes of solemn men,
Who speak not when they meet,
But throng the silent street?

The flags half-mast that late so high
Flaunted at each new victory?
(The stars no brightness shed,
But bloody looks the red!)

The black festoons that stretch for miles,
And turn the streets to funeral aisles?
(No house too poor to show
The nation's badge of woe.)

The cannon's sudden, sullen boom,
The bells that toll of death and doom,
The rolling of the drums,
The dreadful car that comes?

Cursed be the hand that fired the shot,
The frenzied brain that hatched the plot,
Thy country's Father slain
By thee, thou worse than Cain!

Tyrants have fallen by such as thou,
And good hath followed — may it now!
(God lets bad instruments
Produce the best events.)

But he, the man we mourn to-day,
No tyrant was: so mild a sway
In one such weight who bore
Was never known before.

Cool should he be, of balanced powers,
The ruler of a race like ours,
Impatient, headstrong, wild,
The Man to guide the Child.

And this *he* was, who most unfit
(So hard the sense of God to hit),
Did seem to fill his place;
With such a homely face,

Such rustic manners, speech uncouth,
(That somehow blundered out the truth),
Untried, untrained to bear
The more than kingly care.

Ah! And his genius put to scorn
The proudest in the purple born,
Whose wisdom never grew
To what, untaught, he knew,

The People, of whom he was one:
No gentleman, like Washington,
(Whose bones, methinks, make room,
To have him in their tomb!)

A laboring man, with horny hands,
Who swung the ax, who tilled his lands,
Who shrank from nothing new,
But did as poor men do.

One of the People! Born to be
Their curious epitome;
To share yet rise above
Their shifting hate and love.

O honest face, which all men knew!
O tender heart, but known to few!
O wonder of the age,
Cut off by tragic rage!

Peace! Let the long procession come,
For hark, the mournful, muffled drum,
The trumpet's wail afar,
And see, the awful car!

Peace! Let the sad procession go,
While cannon boom and bells toll slow.
And go, thou sacred car,
Bearing our woe afar!

Go, darkly borne, from State to State,
Whose loyal, sorrowing cities wait
To honor all they can
The dust of that good man.

Go, grandly borne, with such a train
As greatest kings might die to gain.
The just, the wise, the brave,
Attend thee to the grave.

And you, the soldiers of our wars,
Bronzed veterans, grim with noble scars,
Salute him once again,
Your late commander — slain!

So sweetly, sadly, sternly goes
The Fallen to his last repose.
Beneath no mighty dome,
But in his modest home;

The churchyard where his children rest,
The quiet spot that suits him best,
There shall his grave be made,
And there his bones be laid.

And there his countrymen shall come,
With memory proud, with pity dumb,
And strangers far and near,
For many and many a year.

For many a year and many an age,
While History on her ample page
The virtues shall enroll
Of that Paternal Soul.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

1827–

THE author of this very popular poem was born at Ithaca, New York. In 1849 he was graduated from Yale, where he was the class poet. After practicing law in Ithaca for several years, he was elected a justice of the New York Court of Appeals. In 1892 he was appointed dean of the law school of Cornell University.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

1827–

A POPULAR writer of juvenile fiction, as well as the author of two or three volumes of verse, Trowbridge was born on a farm at Ogden, New York. His educational advantages were not of the best; but he showed early an aptitude for journalism. He was in New York for a time, but soon removed to Boston, where he has spent a long life in editorial and other literary work.

THE VAGABONDS

WE are two travelers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog. — Come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman, — mind your eye!
Over the table, — look out for the lamp!
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept outdoors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank — and starved — together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
(This outdoor business is bad for strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, Sir, — I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral, —
Aren't we, Roger? — See him wink! —
Well, something hot, then, — we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too, — see him nod his head?
What a pity, Sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said, —
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, Sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, Sir!) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, Sir! — see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, Sir!)
Shall march a little — Start, you villain!
Paws up! Eyes front! Salute your officer!
'Bout face! Attention! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps, — that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses! —
Quick, Sir! I'm ill, — my brain is going! —
Some brandy, — thank you, — there! — it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, Sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love, — but I took to drink, —
The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features, —
You needn't laugh, Sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures:
I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen *her*, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, Sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since, — a parson's wife:
'Twas better for her that we should part,
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
On the dusty road: a carriage stopped:
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, Sir; I'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'Twas well she died before. — Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
No doubt remembering things that were, —
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming. —
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street. —
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink: —
The sooner, the better for Roger and me!

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON

1820–1897

Mrs. Preston was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Junkin, founder of Lafayette College. She was married to Colonel John T. L. Preston, of Lexington, Virginia, where she spent the greater part of her life. For many years she was a frequent contributor, both in prose and verse, to the periodicals of the day. Her verses have been gathered into several volumes. She was born in Philadelphia, and died in Baltimore.

A GRAVE IN HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY, RICHMOND

(J. R. T.)

I read the marble-lettered name,
And half in bitterness I said:
"As Dante from Ravenna came,
Our poet came from exile — dead."
And yet, had it been asked of him
Where he would rather lay his head,
This spot he would have chosen. Dim
The city's hum drifts o'er his grave,
And green above the hollies wave
Their jagged leaves, as when a boy,
On blissful summer afternoons,
He came to sing the birds his runes,
And tell the river of his joy.

Who dreams that in his wanderings wide,
By stern misfortunes tossed and driven,
His soul's electric strands were riven
From home and country? Let betide
What might, what would, his boast, his pride,
Was in his stricken motherland,
That could but bless and bid him go,
Because no crust was in her hand
To stay her children's need. We know
The mystic cable sank too deep
For surface storm or stress to strain,
Or from his answering heart to keep
The spark from flashing back again!

Think of the thousand mellow rhymes,
The pure idyllic passion-flowers,
Wherewith, in far-gone, happier times,
He garlanded this South of ours.
Provençal-like, he wandered long,
And sang at many a stranger's board,
Yet 'twas Virginia's name that poured
The tenderest pathos through his song.
We owe the Poet praise and tears,
Whose ringing ballad sends the brave,
Bold Stuart riding down the years —
What have we given him? Just a grave!

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

1826–1864

FOSTER was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and died in New York city. He was a musical composer, and wrote both the music and the words of *Old Folks at Home*, *The Suwanee River*, and many other popular negro melodies.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By-'n'-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door: —
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow, where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part: —
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darky may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road: —
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE

1826–1863

General Lytle was born at Cincinnati, Ohio, and fell at the battle of Chickamauga, in 1863. He had also served in the Mexican War. For gallant conduct in battle he was made brigadier general of volunteers. A volume of his poems was published after his death.

ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arm, O Queen, enfold me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Listen to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow:
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray—
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
  Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where the noble spouse Octavia
  Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the gods bear witness, —
  Altars, augurs, circling wings, —
That her blood, with mine commingled,
  Yet shall mount the thrones of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian —
  Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian horrors,
  With the splendor of thy smile;
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
  Let his brow the laurel twine:
I can scorn the senate's triumphs,
  Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
  Hark! the insulting foeman's cry;
They are coming — quick, my falchion!
  Let me front them ere I die.
Ah, no more amid the battle
  Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee —
  Cleopatra — Rome — farewell!

HENRY TIMROD

1829–1867

TIMROD was born in Charleston, South Carolina, where his father was a bookbinder and a writer of verses. He studied for a time in the University of Georgia, and then began the study of law, but gave it up for teaching. During the Civil War he was war correspondent of the *Charleston Mercury*, and also wrote stirring war verses. After

the war he fell a prey to poverty and disease, and died of consumption at Columbia. A volume of his poems appeared in 1860, and it was republished several years afterward, with a memoir of the author by Paul H. Hayne.

CHARLESTON [1]

Calm as that second summer which precedes
The first fall of the snow,
In the broad sunlight of heroic deeds,
The city bides the foe.

As yet, behind their ramparts, stern and proud,
Her bolted thunders sleep, —
Dark Sumter, like a battlemented cloud,
Looms o'er the solemn deep.

No Calpe frowns from lofty cliff or scaur
To guard the holy strand;
But Moultrie holds in leash her dogs of war
Above the level sand.

And down the dunes a thousand guns lie couched,
Unseen, beside the flood, —
Like tigers in some Orient jungle crouched,
That wait and watch for blood.

Meanwhile, through streets still echoing with trade,
Walk grave and thoughtful men,
Whose hands may one day wield the patriot's blade
As lightly as the pen.

And maidens, with such eyes as would grow dim
Over a bleeding hound,
Seem each one to have caught the strength of him
Whose sword she sadly bound.

[1] This and the following poem are from the Memorial Edition of Timrod's Poems, B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Virginia.

Thus girt without and garrisoned at home,
Day patient following day,
Old Charleston looks from roof and spire and dome,
Across her tranquil bay.

Ships, through a hundred foes, from Saxon lands
And spicy Indian ports,
Bring Saxon steel and iron to her hands,
And summer to her courts.

But still, along yon dim Atlantic line,
The only hostile smoke
Creeps like a harmless mist above the brine,
From some frail floating oak.

Shall the spring dawn, and she, still clad in smiles,
And with an unscathed brow,
Rest in the strong arms of her palm-crowned isles,
As fair and free as now?

We know not; in the temple of the Fates
God has inscribed her doom:
And, all untroubled in her faith, she waits
The triumph or the tomb.

—*April*, 1863.

AT MAGNOLIA CEMETERY

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned.

— *Charleston*, 1867.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

1830–1886

HAYNE was born in Charleston, South Carolina. His father was a lieutenant in the United States Navy, and his uncle was Robert Y. Hayne, senator from South Carolina, one of whose speeches drew from Webster the famous "reply." Paul Hayne was graduated from Charleston College, studied law, but soon became the editor of *Russell's Magazine* at Charleston. During the war he served, with the rank of colonel, on the staff of Governor Pickens. He was also one of the favorite war-time poets on the Southern side. After the war, by which he lost his house and library, he removed to "Copse Hill," near Augusta, Georgia, where he lived simply and industriously until his death. He issued several volumes of poems during his lifetime. Of quiet temper and affable ways, he was greatly beloved by a large circle of literary friends in all parts of the country.

A LITTLE WHILE I FAIN WOULD LINGER YET

A LITTLE while (my life is almost set!)
I fain would pause along the downward way,
Musing an hour in this sad sunset ray,

While, Sweet! our eyes with tender tears are wet:
A little hour I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger yet,
All for love's sake, for love that cannot tire;
Though fervid youth be dead, with youth's desire,
And hope has faded to a vague regret,
A little while I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger here:
Behold! who knows what strange, mysterious bars
'Twixt souls that love may rise in other stars?
Nor can love deem the face of death is fair:
A little while I still would linger here.

A little while I yearn to hold thee fast,
Hand locked in hand, and loyal heart to heart;
(O pitying Christ! those woeful words, "We part!")
So ere the darkness fall, the light be past,
A little while I fain would hold thee fast.

A little while, when light and twilight meet, —
Behind, our broken years; before, the deep
Weird wonder of the last unfathomed sleep, —
A little while I still would clasp thee, Sweet,
A little while, when night and twilight meet.

A little while I fain would linger here;
Behold! who knows what soul-dividing bars
Earth's faithful loves may part in other stars?
Nor can love deem the face of death is fair:
A little while I still would linger here.

THE MOCKING BIRD

(AT NIGHT)

A GOLDEN pallor of voluptuous light
Filled the warm southern night:
The moon, clear orbed, above the sylvan scene
Moved like a stately queen,
So rife with conscious beauty all the while,
What could she do but smile
At her own perfect loveliness below,
Glassed in the tranquil flow
Of crystal fountains and unruffled streams?
Half lost in waking dreams,
As down the loneliest forest dell I strayed,
Lo! from a neighboring glade,
Flashed through the drifts of moonshine, swiftly came
A fairy shape of flame.
It rose in dazzling spirals overhead,
Whence to wild sweetness wed,
Poured marvelous melodies, silvery trill on trill;'
The very leaves grew still
On the charmed trees to hearken; while for me,
Heart-trilled to ecstasy,
I followed — followed the bright shape that flew,
Still circling up the blue,
Till as a fountain that has reached its height,
Falls back in sprays of light
Slowly dissolved, so that enrapturing lay,
Divinely melts away
Through tremulous spaces to a music-mist,
Soon by the fitful breeze
How gently kissed
Into remote and tender silences.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

1833–

FINANCIER, poet, and literary editor, Mr. Stedman is one of the most versatile men of his generation. He was born at Hartford, Connecticut, and studied at Yale, where he won a first prize by a poem on *Westminster Abbey*. After trying his hand at local journalism, he went to New York and did work for the *Tribune* under Horace Greeley. He was war correspondent for the *World* from 1861–1863. In 1864 he was connected with the construction and financiering of the first Pacific railway. Later he became an active member of the New York Stock Exchange, holding his seat for over twenty years. During these years of business his pen has been far from idle. He is the author of several volumes of poems, and has delivered lectures on poetry, afterward published in book form, at various academic centers. He has also edited (with E. M. Hutchinson) *A Library of American Literature; The Works of Edgar Allan Poe* (with G. E. Woodberry); *A Victorian Anthology;* and *An American Anthology.*

KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey, —
That story of Kearny who knew not to yield!
'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry, and Birney,
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field.
Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak and pine,
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and nighest, —
No charge like Phil Kearny's along the whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the bravest were solemn,
Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our ground,
He rode down the length of the withering column,
And his heart at our war cry leapt up with a bound;
He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder, —
His sword waved us on and we answered the sign:
Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the louder,
"There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line!"

How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade brighten
In the one hand still left, — and the reins in his teeth!
He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.
Up came the reserves to the mellay infernal,
Asking where to go in, — through the clearing or pine?
"O, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel:
You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"

O, evil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,
That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried!
Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride!
Yet we dream that he still, — in that shadowy region
Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's sign, —
Rides on, as of old, down the length of his legion,
And the word still is Forward! along the whole line.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

1836–

Mr. Aldrich is regarded as one of the most accomplished men of letters of his day. He was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. At the age of seventeen he went to New York and gained the friendship of N. P. Willis, and wrote for various New York journals. Later he went to Boston, where for several years he edited the *Atlantic Monthly*. He is the author of several volumes of verse and of many well-known stories. His wit and brilliancy give him a place of distinction among his contemporaries.

UNGUARDED GATES

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
Named of the four winds, North, South, East, and West;
Portals that lead to an enchanted land
Of cities, forests, fields of living gold,

Vast prairies, lordly summits touched with snow,
Majestic rivers sweeping proudly past
The Arab's date palm and the Norseman's pine —
A realm wherein are fruits of every zone,
Airs of all climes, for, lo! throughout the year
The red rose blossoms somewhere — a rich land,
A later Eden planted in the wilds,
With not an inch of earth within its bound
But if a slave's foot press it sets him free.
Here, it is written, Toil shall have its wage,
And Honor honor, and the humblest man
Stand level with the highest in the law.
Of such a land have men in dungeons dreamed,
And with the vision brightening in their eyes
Gone smiling to the fagot and the sword.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them presses a wild, motley throng —
Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,
Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho,
Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt, and Slav,
Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;
These bringing with them unknown gods and rites, —
Those, tiger passions, here to stretch their claws.
In street and alley what strange tongues are loud,
Accents of menace alien to our air,
Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew!

O Liberty, white Goddess! is it well
To leave the gates unguarded? On thy breast
Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of fate.
Lift the downtrodden, but with hand of steel
Stay those who to thy sacred portals come
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn

And trampled in the dust. For so of old
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome,
And where the temples of the Cæsars stood
The lean wolf unmolested made her lair.

PALABRAS CARIÑOSAS

Good night! I have to say good night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good night unto the slender hand
All queenly with its weight of rings;
Good night to fond, uplifted eyes,
Good night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there —
The snowy hand detains me, then
I'll have to say good night again!

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my farewells. Till then, good night!
You wish the time were now? And I.
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago —
What, both these snowy hands! ah, then
I'll have to say good night again!

BATUSCHKA

From yonder gilded minaret
Beside the steel-blue Neva set,
I faintly catch, from time to time,
The sweet, aerial midnight chime —
"God save the Tsar!"

Above the ravelins and the moats
Of the white citadel it floats;
And men in dungeons far beneath
Listen, and pray, and gnash their teeth —
"God save the Tsar!"

The soft reiterations sweep
Across the horror of their sleep,
As if some demon in his glee
Were mocking at their misery —
"God save the Tsar!"

In his Red Palace over there,
Wakeful, he needs must hear the prayer.
How can it drown the broken cries
Wrung from his children's agonies? —
"God save the Tsar!"

Father they called him from of old —
Batuschka! . . . How his heart is cold!
Wait till a million scourgëd men
Rise in their awful might, and then —
"God save the Tsar!"

JOHN HAY

1838–1905

JOHN HAY, versatile man of letters and brilliant statesman, was born at Salem, Indiana, was graduated from Brown University, and later admitted to the bar. He was one of President Lincoln's private secretaries during the war, and also saw active service, with the rank of colonel. After the war he held minor diplomatic posts at Paris, Vienna, and Madrid. In 1897 President McKinley appointed him ambassador to Great Britain, where he served with great distinction, both to himself and to his country. During the Spanish-American

War he was recalled and appointed Secretary of State. He was retained in this position when Mr. Roosevelt succeeded to the presidency, and he held it until his death. He wrote a volume of Spanish sketches, two volumes of poems, and, with J. G. Nicolay, the voluminous and authoritative life of Abraham Lincoln. His sudden death was regarded as a national calamity.

JIM BLUDSO OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE

Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
  Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
  Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
  That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
  The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint, — them engineers
  Is all pretty much alike, —
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
  And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
  And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied, —
  I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had, —
  To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
  To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire, —
  A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
  Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last, —
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so she come tearin' along that night —
The oldest craft on the line —
With a nigger squat on her safety valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
" I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell, —
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint, — but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing, —
And went for it thar and then ;
And Christ ain't agoing to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

JAMES RYDER RANDALL

1839–

Mr. Randall has been a lifelong journalist. He was born in Baltimore, Maryland, and studied at Georgetown College, D.C. His journalistic work has been done at New Orleans, Augusta, Baltimore, and Washington.

MY MARYLAND

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain,—
"*Sic semper!*" 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
Stalking with Liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,

From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN

1839–1886

FATHER RYAN, as he is familiarly called, was born in Norfolk, Virginia, and died in Louisville, Kentucky. He was a Catholic priest, and served as a chaplain in the Confederate army. Of an unusually restless disposition, he edited in turn several religious periodicals and moved from one pastoral charge to another. Much of his verse, written during the heat of war, is no longer remembered; but one or two of his lyrics retain their popularity.

THE CONQUERED BANNER[1]

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary:
Furl it, fold it, — it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it:
Furl it, hide it, — let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
Over whom it floated high.
Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh!

Furl that Banner — furl it sadly!
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;

[1] Selected from Father Ryan's Poems. Copyright, P. J. Kenedy & Sons, N. Y.

And that Banner — it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it, —
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it;
And oh, wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so!

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story
Though its folds are in the dust!
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages —
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently — it is holy,
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not — unfold it never;
Let it droop there, furled forever, —
For its people's hopes are fled!

ANONYMOUS

These verses first appeared in the *Metropolitan Record.*

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG

No more o'er human hearts to wave,
Its tattered folds forever furled:
We laid it in an honored grave,
And left its memories to the world.

The agony of long, long years,
  May, in a moment, be compressed,
And with a grief too deep for tears,
  A heart may be oppressed.

Oh! there are those who die too late
  For faith in God, and Right, and Truth, —
The cold mechanic grasp of Fate
  Hath crushed the roses of their youth.

More blessed are the dead who fell
  Beneath it in unfaltering trust,
Than we, who loved it passing well,
  Yet lived to see it trail in dust.

It hath no future which endears,
  And this farewell shall be our last:
Embalm it in a nation's tears,
  And consecrate it to the past!

To mouldering hands that to it clung,
  And flaunted it in hostile faces,
To pulseless arms that round it flung,
  The terror of their last embraces —

To our dead heroes — to the hearts
  That thrill no more to love or glory,
To those who acted well their parts,
  Who died in youth and live in glory —

With tears forever be it told,
  Until oblivion covers all:
Until the heavens themselves wear old,
  And totter slowly to their fall.

BRET HARTE

1839–1902

THE lives of few American writers have been so varied or so picturesque as that of Bret Harte. He was born at Albany, New York, but early in life, having lost his father, he went to California, where he successively taught school, worked in a mine and in a printing office, and edited a newspaper. His fame as a writer spread to the East when he published his story, *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, in the *Overland Monthly*, the first successful literary magazine published on the Pacific slope. He removed to New York in 1871, where he published many stories and poems in the periodicals of the day. He also held consulships at Crefeld, Germany, and at Glasgow, Scotland. The last years of his life were spent in England, where he died and was buried. His stories and poems deal chiefly with life in California. They are as popular in England as in America.

JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG

HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg? — No? Ah, well:
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns.
He was the fellow who won renown, —
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July sixty-three,
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how but the day before
John Burns stood at his cottage door,

Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;
Or I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk that fell like a babbling flood
Into the milk pail red as blood!
Or how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine, —
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folk say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heady fight,
Thundered the battery's double bass, —
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left — where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all that day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept —
Round shot plowed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain;

The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barnfowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of the battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.
How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron, — but his best;
And buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons, — size of a dollar, —
With tails that the country-folk called "swaller."
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the "quiltings" long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day,
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;
And striplings, downy of lip and chin, —
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in, —
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore,
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy *répertoire:*
"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through!"
"Your head's level!" and "Bully for you!"
Called him "Daddy," begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;

While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off, —
With his long brown rifle and bell-crown hat
And the swallowtails they were laughing at.

'Twas but for a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man's strong right hand,
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest:
How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge and ran,
At which John Burns — a practical man —
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns;
This is the moral the reader learns:
In fighting the battle, the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather!

CHIQUITA

Beautiful! Sir, you may say so. Thar isn't her match in the county;
Is thar, old gal, — Chiquita, my darling, my beauty?
Feel of that neck, sir, — thar's velvet! Whoa! steady, — ah, will you, you vixen!
Whoa! I say, Jack, trot her out; let the gentleman look at her paces.

Morgan! — she ain't nothing else, and I've got the papers to prove it.
Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve hundred dollars won't buy her.
Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did you know Briggs of Tuolumne?
Busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out his brains down in 'Frisco!

Hedn't no savey, hed Briggs. Thar, Jack! that'll do, — quit that foolin'!
Nothin' to what she kin do, when she's got her work cut out before her.
Hosses is hosses, you know, and likewise, too, jockeys is jockeys:
And 'tain't ev'ry man as can ride as knows what a hoss has got in him.

Know the old ford on the Fork, that nearly got Flanigan's leaders?
Nasty in daylight, you bet, and a mighty rough ford in low water!
Well, it ain't six weeks ago that me and the Jedge and his nevey
Struck for that ford in the night, in the rain, and the water all round us;

Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattlesnake Creek jest a-bilin'
Not a plank left in the dam, and nary a bridge on the river.
I had the gray, and the Jedge had his roan, and his nevey, Chiquita;
And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed from the top of the cañon.

Lickity, lickity, switch, we came to the ford, and Chiquita
Buckled right down to her work, and, afore I could yell to her rider,
Took water jest at the ford, and there was the Jedge and me standing,
And twelve hundred dollars of hoss-flesh afloat, and a-driftin' to thunder!

Would ye b'lieve it? That night, that hoss, that 'ar filly, Chiquita,
Walked herself into her stall, and stood there, all quiet and dripping:
Clean as a beaver or rat, with nary a buckle of harness,
Jest as she swam the Fork, — that hoss, that ar' filly, Chiquita.

That's what I call a hoss! and — What did you say? — Oh, the nevey?
Drownded, I reckon, — leastways, he never kem back to deny it.
Ye see the derned fool had no seat, ye couldn't have made him a rider;
And then, ye know, boys will be boys, and hosses — well, hosses is hosses!

THE AGED STRANGER

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR

"I was with Grant" — the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant" — the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Nay, no more, —
I prithee sit at my frugal board,
And eat of my humble store.

"How fares my boy, — my soldier boy,
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar!"

"I know him not," said the aged man,
"And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant" — "Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the farmer, "say no more:

"He fell in battle, — I see, alas!
Thou'dst smooth these tidings o'er, —
Nay, speak the truth, whatever it be,
Though it rend my bosom's core.

"How fell he, — with his face to the foe,
Upholding the flag he bore?
Oh, say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform that he wore!"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,
"And should have remarked before,
That I was with Grant, — in Illinois, —
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word,
But beat with his fist full sore
That aged man, who had worked for Grant
Some three years before the war.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

1841–1887

A GRADUATE of Yale, a professor of English literature at the University of California, a man of unusual poetic gifts, Sill died when he seemed on the threshold of a more than ordinary literary career. He left behind a volume of essays and several volumes of verse. *The Venus of Milo* is his longest and best-known poem. He was born at Windsor, Connecticut, and died at Cleveland, Ohio.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

THE royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool:
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heartstrings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept —
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say —
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders — Oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

THE FUTURE

WHAT may we take into the vast Forever?
That marble door
Admits no fruit of all our long endeavor,
No fame-wreathed crown we wore,
No garnered lore.

What can we bear beyond the unknown portal?
No gold, no gains
Of all our toiling: in the life immortal
No hoarded wealth remains,
Nor gilds, nor stains.

Naked from out that far abyss behind us
We entered here:
No word came with our coming to remind us
What wondrous world was near,
No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starless Night before us,
Naked we glide;
No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us,
No comrade at our side,
No chart, no guide.

Yet fearless toward that midnight, black and hollow,
Our footsteps fare:
The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow —
His love alone is there,
No curse, no care.

EVE'S DAUGHTER

I WAITED in the little sunny room:
The cool breeze waved the window-lace at play,
The white rose on the porch was all in bloom,
And out upon the bay
I watched the wheeling sea birds go and come.

"Such an old friend, — she would not make me stay
While she bound up her hair." I turned, and lo,
Danaë in her shower! and fit to slay
All a man's hoarded prudence at a blow:
Gold hair, that streamed away
As round some nymph a sunlit fountain's flow.
"She would not make me wait" — but well I know
She took a good half hour to loose and lay
Those locks in dazzling disarrangement so!

WILLIAM GORDON McCABE

1841–

CAPTAIN McCABE, head master of the University School at Richmond, Virginia, was born near Richmond, and was graduated from the University of Virginia. He was a captain of artillery in the Confederate army. During the war he wrote several popular lyrics. He is also the author of *The Defence of Petersburg, Campaign of 1864–1865*. His sprightly wit, scholarship, and good comradeship make him welcome in all social and literary circles.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT OF '62

THE wintry blast goes wailing by,
The snow is falling overhead;
I hear the lonely sentry's tread,
And distant watch fires light the sky.

Dim forms go flitting through the gloom;
The soldiers cluster round the blaze
To talk of other Christmas days,
And softly speak of home and home.

My saber swinging overhead
Gleams in the watch fire's fitful glow,
While fiercely drives the blinding snow,
And memory leads me to the dead.

My thoughts go wandering to and fro,
Vibrating 'twixt the Now and Then;
I see the low-browed home again,
The old hall wreathed with mistletoe.

And sweetly from the far-off years
Comes borne the laughter faint and low,
The voices of the Long Ago!
My eyes are wet with tender tears.

I feel again the mother-kiss,
I see again the glad surprise
That lightened up the tranquil eyes,
And brimmed them o'er with tears of bliss,

As, rushing from the old hall door,
She fondly clasped her wayward boy —
Her face all radiant with the joy
She felt to see him home once more.

My saber swinging on the bough
Gleams in the watch fire's fitful glow,
While fiercely drives the blinding snow,
Aslant upon my saddened brow.

Those cherished faces all are gone!
Asleep within the quiet graves
Where lies the snow in drifting waves, —
And I am sitting here alone.

There's not a comrade here to-night
But knows that loved ones far away
On bended knees this night will pray:
"God bring our darling from the fight."

But there are none to wish me back,
For me no yearning prayers arise.
The lips are mute and closed the eyes —
My home is in the bivouac.

In the Army of Northern Virginia.

JOAQUIN MILLER

1841–

Cicinnatus Hiner Miller, better known by his pen name, Joaquin Miller, was born in Indiana, but most of his life has been spent on the Pacific slope. He has been a miner, a lawyer, a judge, and an editor.

He has traveled in Europe, and in very recent years he made a visit to the Klondike. Several volumes of verse and two or three novels have come from his pen. He lives in a picturesque house on the heights overlooking San Francisco Bay.

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak, what shall I say?"
  "Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
  My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
  'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say"—
  He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
  "This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.

He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

WESTWARD HO!

WHAT strength! what strife! what rude unrest!
What shocks! what half-shaped armies met!
A mighty nation moving west,
With all its steely sinews set
Against the living forests. Hear
The shouts, the shots of pioneer,
The rended forests, rolling wheels,
As if some half-check'd army reels,
Recoils, redoubles, comes again,
Loud sounding like a hurricane.

O bearded, stalwart, westmost men,
So tower-like, so Gothic built!
A kingdom won without the guilt
Of studied battle, that hath been
Your blood's inheritance. . . . Your heirs
Know not your tombs: the great plowshares

Cleave softly through the mellow loam
Where you have made eternal home,
And set no sign. Your epitaphs
Are writ in furrows. Beauty laughs
While through the green ways wandering
Beside her love, slow gathering
White, starry-hearted May-time blooms
Above your lowly leveled tombs;
And then below the spotted sky
She stops, she leans, she wonders why
The ground is heaved and broken so,
And why the grasses darker grow
And droop and trail like wounded wing.

Yea, Time, the grand old harvester,
Has gather'd you from wood and plain.
We call to you again, again;
The rush and rumble of the car
Comes back in answer. Deep and wide
The wheels of progress have passed on;
The silent pioneer is gone.
His ghost is moving down the trees,
And now we push the memories
Of bluff, bold men who dared and died
In foremost battle, quite aside.

SIDNEY LANIER

1842–1881

Most critics regard Lanier as the chief of the poets who have come from the South since the death of Poe. He was born at Macon, Georgia, and was graduated from Oglethorpe College. He was among the first to enlist in the Confederate army, and near the close of the war he served on a blockade runner. For a time after the war he taught school, and later practiced law; but his absorbing interest was in music

and poetry. He removed to Baltimore, where most of his later years were spent, and supported himself for a time by playing the flute in the Peabody symphony concerts. His poems appeared from time to time in the magazines, and he was appointed to a lectureship in Johns Hopkins University. These lectures appeared later in book form, *The Science of English Verse* and *The English Novel*. His literary activity was cut short by ill health, which drove him to western North Carolina, where he died. Lanier's best-known longer poems are *Corn* and *The Marshes of Glynn*. They show imaginative gifts of a high order, but it is doubtful if they will ever make a wide popular appeal. Lanier's engaging personality and high literary ideals drew to him many fine spirits, who still mourn his early death.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHE[1]

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, *Abide, abide,*
The willful water weeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said, *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, *Abide, abide,*

[1] From *Poems of Sidney Lanier*. Copyright, 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
— Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst —
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call —
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

TAMPA ROBINS[1]

The robin laughed in the orange tree:
"Ho, windy North, a fig for thee:
While breasts are red and wings are bold
And green trees wave us globes of gold,
  Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me
  — Sunlight, song, and the orange tree.

Burn, golden globes in leafy sky,
My orange planets: crimson I
Will shine and shoot among the spheres
(Blithe meteor that no mortal fears)
  And thrid the heavenly orange tree
  With orbits bright of minstrelsy.

If that I hate wild winter's spite —
The gibbet trees, the world in white,
The sky but gray wind over a grave —
Why should I ache, the season's slave?
  I'll sing from the top of the orange tree,
  Gramercy, winter's tyranny.

I'll south with the sun, and keep my clime;
My wing is king of the summer time;
My breast to the sun his torch shall hold;
And I'll call down through the green and gold,
  Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me,
  Bestir thee under the orange tree."

Tampa, Florida, 1877.

[1] From *Poems of Sidney Lanier.* Copyright, 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS

1827–1879

THE author of this popular poem was born at Goshen, New York, and died at Orange, New Jersey. She was a descendant of John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians. She left a volume of poems, of which only one is now remembered.

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing — a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost — only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch fire, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh of the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother; may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips — when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle . . . "Ha! Mary, good-by!"
The red life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night;
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead —
The picket's off duty forever!

WILLIAM TUCKEY MEREDITH

Mr. Meredith was born in Philadelphia. He served as a young officer under Farragut in the battle of Mobile Bay, and after the war became a banker in New York city. He has published one novel.

FARRAGUT

Farragut, Farragut,
Old Heart of Oak,
Daring Dave Farragut,
Thunderbolt stroke,

Watches the hoary mist
  Lift from the bay,
Till his flag, glory-kissed,
  Greets the young day.

Far, by gray Morgan's walls,
  Looms the black fleet.
Hark, deck to rampart calls
  With the drum's beat!
Buoy your chains overboard,
  While the steam hums;
Men! to the battlement,
  Farragut comes.

See, as the hurricane
  Hurtles in wrath
Squadrons of clouds amain
  Back from its path!
Back to the parapet,
  To the guns' lips,
Thunderbolt Farragut
  Hurls the black ships.

Now through the battle's roar
  Clear the boy sings,
"By the mark fathoms four,"
  While his lead swings.
Steady the wheelmen five
  "Nor' by East keep her,"
"Steady," but two alive:
  How the shells sweep her!

Lashed to the mast that sways
  Over red decks,
Over the flame that plays
  Round the torn wrecks,

Over the dying lips
Framed for a cheer,
Farragut leads his ships,
Guides the line clear.

On by heights battle-browed,
While the spars quiver;
Onward still flames the cloud
Where the hulks shiver.
See, yon fort's star is set,
Storm and fire past.
Cheer him, lads — Farragut,
Lashed to the mast!

Oh! while Atlantic's breast
Bears a white sail,
While the Gulf's towering crest
Tops a green vale,
Men thy bold deeds shall tell,
Old Heart of Oak,
Daring Dave Farragut,
Thunderbolt stroke!

Mobile Bay, 5 August, 1864.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

1844–

Mr. Gilder is the well-known editor of the *Century Magazine*, and the judicious friend of social and political reform. He was born at Bordentown, New Jersey, saw service in the Civil War, and later engaged in journalism in Newark, New Jersey, and in New York city. He has been editor in chief of the *Century* for more than twenty years. The Authors' Club was founded at his house, and he has been for years a prominent figure in literary and artistic circles in his adopted city. He married the granddaughter of Joseph Rodman Drake. His verse, in several volumes, gives him high rank among the poets of the present day.

SHERMAN

Glory and honor and fame and everlasting laudation
For our captains who loved not war, but fought for the life of the nation;
Who knew that, in all the land, one slave meant strife, not peace;
Who fought for freedom, not glory; made war that war might cease.

Glory and honor and fame; the beating of muffled drums;
The wailing funeral dirge, as the flag-wrapped coffin comes.
Fame and honor and glory; and joy for a noble soul;
For a full and splendid life, and laureled rest at the goal.

Glory and honor and fame; the pomp that a soldier prizes;
The league-long waving line as the marching falls and rises;
Rumbling of caissons and guns; the clatter of horses' feet,
And a million awe-struck faces far down the waiting street.

But better than martial woe, and the pageant of civic sorrow;
Better than praise of to-day, or the statue we build to-morrow;
Better than honor and glory, and history's iron pen,
Was the thought of duty done and the love of his fellow-men.

GREAT NATURE IS AN ARMY GAY

Great nature is an army gay,
Resistless marching on its way;
I hear the bugles clear and sweet,
I hear the tread of million feet.
Across the plain I see it pour;
It tramples down the waving grass;
Within the echoing mountain pass
I hear a thousand cannon roar.

It swarms within my garden gate;
My deepest well it drinketh dry.
It doth not rest; it doth not wait;
By night and day it sweepeth by;
Ceaseless it marches by my door;
It heeds me not, though I implore.
I know not whence it comes, nor where
It goes; for me it doth not care—
Whether I starve, or eat, or sleep,
Or live, or die, or sing, or weep.
And now the banners all are bright,
Now torn and blackened by the fight.
Sometimes its laughter shakes the sky,
Sometimes the groans of those who die.
Still through the night and through the livelong day
The infinite army marches on its remorseless way.

MARY WOOLSEY HOWLAND

1832–1864

Mary Woolsey, whose literary reputation rests solely upon the poem below, was the wife of the Rev. R. S. Howland, of New York city.

IN THE HOSPITAL

I lay me down to sleep,
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head,
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now.
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong — all that is past;
I am ready not to do
At last, at last.

My half day's work is done,
And this is all my part;
I give a patient God
My patient heart,

And grasp His banner still,
Though all its blue be dim;
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after Him.

LLOYD MIFFLIN

1846–

Mr. Mifflin was born at Columbia, Pennsylvania, where he has always resided. He was an artist earlier in life, but gave up painting for poetry, and is the author of four volumes of verse.

SESOSTRIS

Sole Lord of Lords and very King of Kings,
He sits within the desert, carved in stone;
Inscrutable, colossal, and alone,
And ancienter than memory of things.
Graved on his front the sacred beetle clings;
Disdain sits on his lips; and in a frown
Scorn lives upon his forehead for a crown.
The affrighted ostrich dares not dust her wings

Anear this Presence. The long caravan's
Dazed camels stop, and mute the Bedouins stare.
This symbol of past power more than man's
Presages doom. Kings look — and Kings despair:
Their scepters tremble in their jeweled hands,
And dark thrones totter in the baleful air!

MAURICE THOMPSON

1844–1901

GEOLOGIST, poet, literary critic, and lover of all outdoor things, Maurice Thompson was born at Fairfield, Indiana, and died at Crawfordsville. His early life was spent in Georgia, and he was a soldier in the Confederate army. After the war he returned to Indiana, where he practiced law and later became state geologist. About ten years before his death, he joined the literary staff of the *New York Independent*. Besides poems and stories, he wrote much about birds, archery, fishing, and kindred subjects. Whatever he wrote was healthy in tone and independent in spirit.

A PROPHECY

FROM "LINCOLN'S GRAVE"

OLD soldiers true, ah, them all men can trust,
Who fought, with conscience clear, on either side;
Who bearded Death and thought their cause was just;
Their stainless honor cannot be denied;
All patriots they beyond the farthest doubt;
Ring it and sing it up and down the land,
And let no voice dare answer it with sneers,
    Or shut its meaning out;
Ring it and sing it, we go hand in hand,
Old infantry, old cavalry, old cannoneers.

And if Virginia's vales shall ring again
To battle yell of Mosby or Mahone,
If Wilder's wild brigade or Morgan's men

Once more wheel into line; or all alone
A Sheridan shall ride, a Cleburne fall, —
There will not be two flags above them flying,
But both in one, welded in that pure flame
    Upflaring in us all,
When kindred unto kindred, loudly crying,
Rally and cheer in freedom's holy name!

WILL HENRY THOMPSON

1848–

Mr. Thompson was born at Calhoun, Georgia, and in recent years has resided at Seattle, Washington. He shared the comradeship of his brother, Maurice Thompson, in outdoor sports and in the Confederate army, and later they were associated in the practice of law in Indiana. Mr. Thompson is noted as an orator, and he has written other verse besides the strong ballad given below.

THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG

A cloud possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield.
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs, —
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A Khamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled:
In blinding flame and strangling smoke
The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee;
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works to-day!"
(The reddest day in history.)

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say:
"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
What time she set her battle flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set
His breast against the bayonet!
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace.
They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sunburst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand!
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium!
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom.

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

LATER PERIOD

HENRY VAN DYKE

1852–

One of the most variously gifted literary men of the present day is Dr. Henry van Dyke. He was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, and was graduated from Princeton. Afterward he studied theology both at the Princeton Theological Seminary and in Berlin. For many years he held the pastorate of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York city, and he has been moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly. Since 1899 he has held the Murray professorship of English literature at Princeton.

Dr. van Dyke's intellectual activity extends over many fields. Several volumes on religious subjects have come from his pen, and one of his earlier books is an appreciative study of the poetry of Tennyson. In very recent years he has devoted much time and attention to story-telling and to poetry. His verse always possesses sprightliness and delicacy of imagination and shows unusual skill in the handling of metrical forms. His stories are marked by a love of "God's blessed out-of-doors," and by a refinement and warmth of feeling — always clothed in apt and musical language — which make them highly effective. Dr. van Dyke has an enviable reputation as a forceful pulpit orator and as an extremely pleasing lecturer on literary subjects.

TENNYSON [1]

IN LUCEM TRANSITUS, OCTOBER, 1892

From the misty shores of midnight, touched with splendors of the moon,
To the singing tides of heaven, and the light more clear than noon,
Passed a soul that grew to music till it was with God in tune.

[1] From *The Builders and Other Poems*. Copyright, 1897, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Brother of the greatest poets, true to nature, true to art;
Lover of Immortal Love, uplifter of the human heart, —
Who shall cheer us with high music, who shall sing, if thou depart?

Silence here — for love is silent, gazing on the lessening sail;
Silence here — for grief is voiceless when the mighty minstrels fail;
Silence here — but, far beyond us, many voices crying, Hail!

AN ANGLER'S WISH[1]

I

When tulips bloom in Union Square,
And timid breaths of vernal air
Go wandering down the dusty town,
Like children lost in Vanity Fair;

When every long, unlovely row
Of westward houses stands aglow,
And leads the eyes towards sunset skies
Beyond the hills where green trees grow, —

Then weary seems the street parade,
And weary books, and weary trade:
I'm only wishing to go a-fishing;
For this the month of May was made.

II

I guess the pussy willows now
Are creeping out on every bough
Along the brook; and robins look
For early worms behind the plow.

[1] From *The Builders and Other Poems*. Copyright, 1897, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The thistle birds have changed their dun
For yellow coats, to match the sun;
  And in the same array of flame
The dandelion show's begun.

The flocks of young anemones
Are dancing round the budding trees:
  Who can help wishing to go a-fishing
In days as full of joy as these?

III

I think the meadow lark's clear sound
Leaks upward slowly from the ground,
  While on the wing the bluebirds ring
Their wedding bells to woods around.

The flirting chewink calls his dear
Behind the bush; and very near,
  Where water flows, where green grass grows,
Song sparrows gently sing, "Good cheer."

And, best of all, through twilight's calm
The hermit thrush repeats his psalm.
  How much I'm wishing to go a-fishing
In days so sweet with music's balm!

IV

'Tis not a proud desire of mine;
I ask for nothing superfine;
  No heavy weight, no salmon great,
To break the record — or my line:

Only an idle little stream,
Whose amber waters softly gleam,
  Where I may wade, through woodland shade,
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream:

Only a trout or two, to dart
From foaming pools, and try my art:
No more I'm wishing — old-fashioned fishing,
And just a day on Nature's heart.

THE SONG SPARROW[1]

THERE is a bird I know so well,
It seems as if he must have sung
Beside my crib when I was young;
Before I knew the way to spell
The name of even the smallest bird,
His gentle-joyful song I heard.
Now see if you can tell, my dear,
What bird it is that, every year,
Sings "*Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry cheer.*"

He comes in March when winds are strong,
And snow returns to hide the earth;
But still he warms his heart with mirth,
And waits for May. He lingers long
While flowers fade; and every day
Repeats his small, contented lay;
As if to say, we need not fear
The season's change, if love is here
With "*Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry cheer.*"

He does not wear a Joseph's coat
Of many colors, smart and gay;
His suit is Quaker brown and gray,
With darker patches at his throat.
And yet of all the well-dressed throng
Not one can sing so brave a song.

[1] From *The Builders and Other Poems*. Copyright, 1897, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

It makes the pride of looks appear
A vain and foolish thing, to hear
His "*Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry cheer.*"

EUGENE FIELD

1850–1895

AMERICA has produced no more popular writer of verse for children than Eugene Field. He was born in St. Louis, Missouri, of New England ancestry, and died at Chicago, in the prime of his powers. His education was received at Williams College and at the University of Missouri. His vocation was journalism. He did work for newspapers at St. Louis, Kansas City, and Denver, and during the last years of his life he was connected with the *Chicago Daily News*. He found time to write several volumes of charming stories and verse. His untimely death has been sincerely deplored. He was sunny in temper and possessed a nimble imagination and a facile pen.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD[1]

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe, —
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;

[1] From *With Trumpet and Drum*. Copyright, 1892, by Mary French Field. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish, —
Never afeard are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam, —
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home:
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three, —
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

LITTLE BOY BLUE[1]

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

[1] From *With Trumpet and Drum*. Copyright, 1892, by Mary French Field. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

EDWIN MARKHAM

1852–

Mr. Markham was born at Oregon City, Oregon, where his parents had removed from Michigan, and was educated at Christian College, Santa Rosa, California. For many years he was actively engaged in educational work in California, serving as principal of various schools, and in other ways aiding the cause of educational progress. After he had won sudden fame by his poem, *The Man with the Hoe*, he removed to Brooklyn, New York, where he is engaged in literary work. He has published two volumes of poems.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING THE PAINTING BY MILLET

God made man in His own image, in the image of God made He him. — Genesis.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf

There is no shape more terrible than this —
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed —
More filled with signs and portents for the soul —
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings —
With those who shaped him to the thing he is —
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?

JOHN VANCE CHENEY

1848–

THE poem given below is considered the best of the numerous replies to Mr. Markham's *The Man with the Hoe*. Mr. Cheney was born at Groveland, New York, and once practiced law in New York city. Since 1887, however, he has been at the head of libraries in San Francisco and in Chicago. His verse has appeared frequently in various periodicals, and has been collected into several volumes. He has also published two volumes of essays.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

A REPLY

Let us a little permit Nature to take her own way; she better understands her own affairs than we. — MONTAIGNE.

NATURE reads not our labels, "great" and "small";
Accepts she one and all

Who, striving, win and hold the vacant place;
All are of royal race.

Him, there, rough-cast, with rigid arm and limb,
The Mother moulded him,

Of his rude realm ruler and demigod,
Lord of the rock and clod.

With Nature is no "better" and no "worse,"
On this bared head no curse.

Humbled it is and bowed; so is he crowned
Whose kingdom is the ground,

Diverse the burdens on the one stern road
Where bears each back its load;

Varied the toil, but neither high nor low.
With pen or sword or hoe,

He that has put out strength, lo, he is strong;
Of him with spade or song

Nature but questions, — "This one, shall he stay?"
She answers "Yea," or "Nay,"

"Well, ill, he digs, he sings;" and he bides on,
Or shudders, and is gone.

Strength shall he have, the toiler, strength and grace,
So fitted to his place

As he leaned, there, an oak where sea winds blow,
Our brother with the hoe.

No blot, no monster, no unsightly thing,
The soil's long-lineaged king;

His changeless realm, he knows it and commands;
Erect enough he stands,

Tall as his toil. Nor does he bow unblest:
Labor he has, and rest.

Need was, need is, and need will ever be
For him and such as he;

Cast for the gap, with gnarlëd arm and limb,
The Mother moulded him, —

Long wrought, and moulded him with mother's care,
Before she set him there.

And aye she gives him, mindful of her own,
Peace of the plant, the stone;

Yea, since above his work he may not rise,
She makes the field his skies.

See! she that bore him, and metes out the lot,
He serves her. Vex him not

To scorn the rock whence he was hewn, the pit
And what was digged from it;

Lest he no more in native virtue stand,
The earth-sword in his hand,

But follow sorry phantoms to and fro,
And let a kingdom go.

EDITH MATILDA THOMAS

1854–

Miss Thomas was born in Chatham, Ohio, but since 1888 she has made her home in New York city. She has written much for the magazines, both in prose and verse, and her writings have been gathered into several volumes. Her verse is marked by delicacy of thought, sincerity of feeling, and exquisiteness of finish.

MOTHER ENGLAND

I

There was a rover from a western shore,
England! whose eyes the sudden tears did drown,
Beholding the white cliff and sunny down
Of thy good realm, beyond the sea's uproar.
I, for a moment, dreamed that, long before,
I had beheld them thus, when, with the frown
Of sovereignty, the victor's palm and crown

Thou from the tilting field of nations bore.
Thy prowess and thy glory dazzled first;
But when in fields I saw the tender flame
Of primroses, and full-fleeced lambs at play,
Meseemed I at thy breast, like these, was nursed;
Then mother — Mother England! — home I came,
Like one who hath been all too long away!

II

As nestling at thy feet in peace I lay,
A thought awoke and restless stirred in me:
"My land and congeners are beyond the sea,
Theirs is the morning and the evening day.
Wilt thou give ear while this of them I say:
'Haughty art thou, and they are bold and free,
As well befits who have descent from thee,
And who have trodden brave the forlorn way.
Children of thine, but grown to strong estate;
Nor scorn from thee would they be slow to pay,
Nor check from thee submissly would they bear;
Yet Mother England! yet their hearts are great,
And if for thee should dawn some darkest day,
At cry of thine, how proudly would they dare!'"

THE MOTHER WHO DIED TOO

She was so little — little in her grave,
The wide earth all around so hard and cold —
She was so little! therefore did I crave
My arms might still her tender form enfold.
She was so little, and her cry so weak
When she among the heavenly children came —
She was so little — I alone might speak
For her who knew no word nor her own name,

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

1853–

Mr. Riley was born at Greenfield, Indiana, where his father was a lawyer. For some years he was engaged in journalism, both in Greenfield and in Indianapolis. Much of his early verse, in the Hoosier dialect, first appeared in the newspapers. It attracted wide attention, and several volumes of verse followed. In recent years he has resided at Indianapolis, but he has traveled widely, and has been unusually successful in giving readings from his own verse.

THE OLD MAN AND JIM

Old man never had much to say —
'Ceptin' to Jim, —
And Jim was the wildest boy he had —
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life, — and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The old man backin' him, fer three months;
And all 'at I heerd the old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away, —
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

'Peared like he was more satisfied
Jes' *lookin'* at Jim
And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see? —
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
And over and over I mind the day
The old man come and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim —
And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say,
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Never was nothin' about the *farm*
Disting'ished Jim;
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
The old man 'peared wrapped up in him:
But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole dern rigiment, white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad —
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen, —
The old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap. read to us, 'at said: "Tell Jim
Good-by,
And take keer of hisse'f!"

Jim come home jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At he'd like to go back in the calvery —
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he'd tackle her three years more.
And the old man give him a colt he'd raised,
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid around fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade —
'Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heerd was the old man say, —
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim,
Fully believin' he'd make his mark
Some way — jes' wrapped up in him! —

And many a time the word 'ud come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum —
At Petersburg, fer instunce, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,
And *tuk* 'em, and p'inted 'em t'other way,
And socked it home to the boys in gray,
As they skooted fer timber, and on and on —
Jim a lieutenant, and one arm gone,
And the old man's words in his mind all day, —
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We'll say like Jim,
'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps —
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Think of him — with the war plum' through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim,
And the old man, bendin' over him —
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At hadn't leaked fer years and years,
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His Father's, the old voice in his ears, —
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

IKE WALTON'S PRAYER[1]

I CRAVE, dear Lord,
No boundless hoard
Of gold and gear,
Nor jewels fine,

[1] Used by special permission of The Bobbs-Merrill Company, publishers. From *Afterwhiles*. Copyright, 1891.

Nor lands, nor kine,
Nor treasure heaps of anything. —
Let but a little hut be mine
Where at the hearthstone I may hear
The cricket sing,
And have the shine
Of one glad woman's eyes to make,
For my poor sake,
Our simple home a place divine; —
Just the wee cot — the cricket's chirr —
Love, and the smiling face of her.

I pray not for
Great riches, nor
For vast estates and castle-halls, —
Give me to hear the bare footfalls
Of children o'er
An oaken floor
New-rinsed with sunshine, or bespread
With but the tiny coverlet
And pillow for the baby's head;
And, pray Thou, may
The door stand open and the day
Send ever in a gentle breeze,
With fragrance from the locust-trees,
And drowsy moan of doves, and blur
Of robin-chirps, and drone of bees,
With afterhushes of the stir
Of intermingling sounds, and then
The goodwife and the smile of her
Filling the silences again —
The cricket's call,
And the wee cot,
Dear Lord of all,
Deny me not!

I pray not that
Men tremble at
My power of place
And lordly sway, —
I only pray for simple grace
To look my neighbor in the face
Full honestly from day to day —
Yield me his horny palm to hold,
And I'll not pray
For gold; —
The tanned face, garlanded with mirth,
It hath the kingliest smile on earth —
The swart brow, diamonded with sweat,
Hath never need of coronet.
And so I reach,
Dear Lord, to Thee,
And do beseech
Thou givest me
The wee cot, and the cricket's chirr,
Love, and the glad sweet face of her!

EUGENE FITCH WARE

1841–

Mr. Ware, known to readers of poetry as "Ironquill," was born at Hartford, Connecticut. He served during the Civil War, and afterward was captain of cavalry and aide to General G. M. Dodge. His later life has been identified with Kansas, where he has been prominent in politics. He was appointed Commissioner of Pensions by President Roosevelt. His volume of verse, *The Rhymes of Ironquill*, has gone through several editions. Through these rhymes sweep the invigorating breezes of the West. Mr. Ware carries forward, in his own way, the work so effectively done by Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, and the late Colonel John Hay. As time goes on, the virile spirit of the West will find still ampler expression.

QUIVERA — KANSAS

1542 — 1892

In that half-forgotten era,
With the avarice of old,
Seeking cities that 'twas told
Had been paved with solid gold,
In the kingdom of Quivera —

Came the restless Coronado
To the open Kansas plain,
With his knights from sunny Spain;
In an effort that, though vain,
Thrilled with boldness and bravado.

League by league, in aimless marching,
Knowing scarcely where or why,
Crossed they uplands drear and dry,
That an unprotected sky
Had for centuries been parching.

But their expectations, eager,
Found, instead of fruitful lands,
Shallow streams and shifting sands,
Where the buffalo in bands
Roamed o'er deserts dry and meager.

Back to scenes more trite, yet tragic,
Marched the knights with armor'd steeds;
Not for them the quiet deeds;
Not for them to sow the seeds
From which empires grow like magic.

Never land so hunger stricken
Could a Latin race re-mold;
They could conquer heat or cold —
Die for glory or for gold —
But not make a desert quicken.

Thus Quivera was forsaken;
And the world forgot the place
Through the lapse of time and space.
Then the blue-eyed Saxon race
Came and bade the desert waken.

And it bade the climate vary;
And awaiting no reply
From the elements on high,
It with plows besieged the sky —
Vexed the heavens with the prairie.

Then the vitreous sky relented,
And the unacquainted rain
Fell upon the thirsty plain
Whence had gone the knights of Spain,
Disappointed, discontented.

Sturdy are the Saxon faces,
As they move along in line;
Bright the rolling cutters shine,
Charging up the State's incline,
As an army storms a glacis.

Cities grow where stunted birches
Hugged the shallow water line;
And the deepening rivers twine
Past the factory and mine,
Orchard slopes and schools and churches.

Deeper grows the soil and truer,
More and more the prairie teems
With a fruitage as of dreams;
Clearer, deeper, flow the streams,
Blander grows the sky, and bluer.

We have made the State of Kansas,
And to-day she stands complete —
First in freedom, first in wheat;
And her future years will meet
Ripened hopes and richer stanzas.

CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS

1858–1891

An unusually promising career was cut short by the early death of Lüders. He was a frequent contributor to the magazines, in both prose and verse, and left behind one volume of poetry. He was born in Philadelphia, where he died.

THE FOUR WINDS[1]

Wind of the North,
Wind of the Norland snows,
Wind of the winnowed skies, and sharp, clear stars, —
Blow cold and keen across the naked hills,
And crisp the lowland pools with crystal films,
And blur the casement squares with glittering ice,
But go not near my love.

Wind of the West,
Wind of the few, far clouds,
Wind of the gold and crimson sunset lands, —
Blow fresh and pure across the peaks and plains,
And broaden the blue spaces of the heavens,
And sway the grasses and the mountain pines,
But let my dear one rest.

Wind of the East,
Wind of the sunrise seas,
Wind of the clinging mists and gray, harsh rains, —
Blow moist and chill across the wastes of brine,

[1] From *The Dead Nymph and Other Poems.* Copyright, 1891, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

And shut the sun out, and the moon and stars,
And lash the boughs against the dripping eaves,
Yet keep thou from my love.

But thou, sweet wind!
Wind of the fragrant South,
Wind from the bowers of jasmine and of rose, —
Over magnolia blooms and lilied lakes
And flowering forests come with dewy wings,
And stir the petals at her feet, and kiss
The low mound where she lies.

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER

1855–1896

BUNNER was for several years the chief editor of *Puck*. He was born at Oswego, New York, and died at Nutley, New Jersey. Both in fiction and in verse his popularity was extensive in his lifetime, and a few of his poems, marked by grace and lightness of touch, bid fair to live long. His joyous spirit won him a wide circle of devoted friends.

THE WAY TO ARCADY[1]

OH, what's the way to Arcady,
To Arcady, to Arcady;
Oh, what's the way to Arcady,
Where all the leaves are merry?

Oh, what's the way to Arcady?
The spring is rustling in the tree, —
The tree the wind is blowing through, —
It sets the blossoms flickering white.
I knew not skies could burn so blue
Nor any breezes blow so light.
They blow an old-time way for me,
Across the world to Arcady.

[1] From *Poems of H. C. Bunner*. Copyright, 1884, 1892, 1896, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Oh, what's the way to Arcady?
Sir Poet, with the rusty coat,
Quit mocking of the song bird's note.
How have you heart for any tune,
You with the wayworn russet shoon?
Your scrip, a-swinging by your side,
Gapes with a gaunt mouth hungry-wide.
I'll brim it well with pieces red,
If you will tell the way to tread.

Oh, I am bound for Arcady,
And if you but keep pace with me
You tread the way to Arcady.

And where away lies Arcady,
And how long yet may the journey be?

Ah, that (quoth he) *I do not know:*
Across the clover and the snow —
Across the frost, across the flowers —
Through summer seconds and winter hours,
I've trod the way my whole life long,
And know not now where it may be;
My guide is but the stir to song,
That tells me I cannot go wrong,
Or clear or dark the pathway be
Upon the road to Arcady.

But how shall I do who cannot sing?
I was wont to sing, once on a time, —
There is never an echo now to ring
Remembrance back to the trick of rhyme.

'Tis strange you cannot sing (quoth he), —
The folk all sing in Arcady.

But how may he find Arcady
Who hath nor youth nor melody?

What, know you not, old man (quoth he),—
Your hair is white, your face is wise,—
That Love must kiss that Mortal's eyes
Who hopes to see fair Arcady?
No gold can buy you entrance there;
But beggared Love may all go bare—
No wisdom won with weariness;
But Love goes in with Folly's dress—
No fame that wit could ever win;
But only Love may lead Love in
To Arcady, to Arcady.

Ah, woe is me, through all my days
Wisdom and wealth I both have got,
And fame and name, and great men's praise;
But Love, ah Love! I have it not.
There was a time, when life was new—
But far away, and half forgot—
I only know her eyes were blue;
But Love—I fear I knew it not.
We did not wed, for lack of gold,
And she is dead, and I am old.
All things have come since then to me,
Save Love, ah Love! and Arcady.

Ah, then I fear we part (quoth he),—
My way's for Love and Arcady.

But you, you fare alone, like me;
The gray is likewise in your hair.
What love have you to lead you there,
To Arcady, to Arcady?

Ah, no, not lonely do I fare;
My true companion's Memory.
With Love he fills the Springtime air;
With Love he clothes the Winter tree.
Oh, past this poor horizon's bound
My song goes straight to one who stands,—
Her face all gladdening at the sound,—
To lead me to the Spring-green lands,
To wander with enlacing hands.
The songs within my breast that stir
Are all of her, are all of her.
My maid is dead long years (quoth he),—
She waits for me in Arcady.

Oh, yon's the way to Arcady,
To Arcady, to Arcady;
Oh, yon's the way to Arcady,
Where all the leaves are merry.

THE CHAPERON[1]

I TAKE my chaperon to the play—
She thinks she's taking me.
And the gilded youth who owns the box,
A proud young man is he;
But how would his young heart be hurt
If he could only know
That not for his sweet sake I go
Nor yet to see the trifling show;
But to see my chaperon flirt.

Her eyes beneath her snowy hair
They sparkle young as mine;

[1] From *Poems of H. C. Bunner*. Copyright, 1884, 1892, 1896, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

There's scarce a wrinkle in her hand
So delicate and fine.
And when my chaperon is seen,
They come from everywhere —
The dear old boys with silvery hair,
With old-time grace and old-time air,
To greet their old-time queen.

They bow as my young Midas here
Will never learn to bow
(The dancing masters do not teach
That gracious reverence now);
With voices quavering just a bit,
They play their old parts through,
They talk of folk who used to woo,
Of hearts that broke in 'fifty-two —
Now none the worse for it.

And as those aged crickets chirp
I watch my chaperon's face,
And see the dear old features take
A new and tender grace;
And in her happy eyes I see
Her youth awakening bright,
With all its hope, desire, delight —
Ah, me! I wish that I were quite
As young — as young as she!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

1860–

One of the best-known contributors of verse to magazines to-day is Mr. Sherman. He was born at Peekskill, New York, and was graduated from Columbia, where he holds the position of professor of architecture. He is the author of two or three volumes of verse.

ON A GREEK VASE

Divinely shapen cup, thy lip
Unto me seemeth thus to speak:
"Behold in me the workmanship,
The grace and cunning of a Greek!

"Long ages since he mixed the clay,
Whose sense of symmetry was such,
The labor of a single day,
Immortal grew beneath his touch.

"For dreaming while his fingers went
Around this slender neck of mine,
The form of her he loved was blent
With every matchless curve and line.

"Her loveliness to me he gave
Who gave unto herself his heart,
That love and beauty from the grave
Might rise and live again in art."

And hearing from thy lips this tale
Of love and skill, of art and grace,
Thou seem'st to me no more the frail
Memento of an older race:

But in thy form divinely wrought
And figured o'er with fret and scroll,
I dream, by happy chance was caught,
And dwelleth now, that maiden's soul.

ON SOME BUTTERCUPS

A little way below her chin,
Caught in her bosom's snowy hem,
Some buttercups are fastened in, —
Ah, how I envy them!

They do not miss their meadow place,
Nor are they conscious that their skies
Are not the heavens, but her face,
Her hair, and mild blue eyes.

There, in the downy meshes pinned,
Such sweet illusions haunt their rest;
They think her breath the fragrant wind,
And tremble on her breast;

As if, close to her heart, they heard
A captive secret slip its cell,
And with desire were sudden stirred
To find a voice and tell!

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

1861–

Miss Guiney was born at Boston. Most of her life has been spent in and near Boston, where she has been busily occupied in literary work. She is the author of several volumes of essays and poems.

THE WILD RIDE

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible horses;
All night, from their stalls, the importunate tramping and neighing.

Let cowards and laggards fall back! but alert to the saddle,
Straight, grim, and abreast, go the weatherworn, galloping legion,
With a stirrup-cup each to the lily of women that loves him.

The trail is through dolor and dread, over crags and morasses;
There are shapes by the way, there are things that appal or entice us:
What odds? We are knights, and our souls are but bent on the riding.

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible horses;
All night, from their stalls, the importunate tramping and neighing.

We spur to a land of no name, outracing the stormwind;
We leap to the infinite dark, like the sparks from the anvil.
Thou leadest, O God! All's well with Thy troopers that follow.

RICHARD HOVEY

1864–1900

FEW poets of the younger generation gave such promise as Hovey, and at the time of his death the outlook seemed brightest. He was born at Normal, Indiana, and died in New York city. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and later studied theology, but finally turned to literature. He saw life on many sides in New York, as journalist, actor, dramatist, and lecturer on English literature. His best-known volume of poems is *Songs from Vagabondia*.

THE CALL OF THE BUGLES

BUGLES!
And the Great Nation thrills and leaps to arms!
Prompt, unconstrained, immediate,
Without misgiving and without debate,
Too calm, too strong for fury or alarms,
The people blossoms armies and puts forth
The splendid summer of its noiseless might;
For the old sap of fight
Mounts up in South and North,
The thrill
That tingled in our veins at Bunker Hill
And brought to bloom July of 'Seventy-Six!
Pine and palmetto mix
With the sequoia of the giant West

Their ready banners and the hosts of war,
Near and far,
Sudden as dawn,
Innumerable as forests, hear the call
Of the bugles,
The battle birds!
For not alone the brave, the fortunate,
Who first of all
Have put their knapsacks on —
They are the valiant vanguard of the rest! —
Not they alone, but all our millions wait,
Hand on sword,
For the word
That bids them bid the nations know us sons of Fate.

Bugles!
And in my heart a cry,
— Like a dim echo far and mournfully
Blown back to answer them from yesterday!
A soldier's burial!
November hillsides and the falling leaves
Where the Potomac broadens to the tide —
The crisp autumnal silence and the gray
(As of a solemn ritual
Whose congregation glories as it grieves,
Widowed but still a bride) —
The long hills sloping to the wave,
And the lone bugler standing by the grave!

Taps!
The lonely call over the lonely woodlands —
Rising like the soaring of wings,
Like the flight of an eagle —
Taps!
They sound forever in my heart.

From farther still,
The echoes — still the echoes!
The bugles of the dead
Blowing from spectral ranks an answering cry!
The ghostly roll of immaterial drums,
Beating reveille in the camps of dream,
As from far meadows comes,
Over the pathless hill,
The irremeable stream.
I hear the tread
Of the great armies of the Past go by;
I hear,
Across the wide sea wash of years between,
Concord and Valley Forge shout back from the unseen,
And Vicksburg give a cheer.

Our cheer goes back to them, the valiant dead!
Laurels and roses on their graves to-day,
Lilies and laurels over them we lay,
And violets o'er each unforgotten head.
Their honor still with the returning May
Puts on its springtime in our memories,
Nor till the last American with them lies
Shall the young year forget to strew their bed.
Peace to their ashes, sleep and honored rest!
But we — awake!
Ours to remember them with deeds like theirs!
From sea to sea the insistent bugle blares,
The drums will not be still for any sake;
And as an eagle rears his crest,
Defiant, from some tall pine of the North,
And spreads his wings to fly,
The banners of America go forth
Against the clarion sky.
Veteran and volunteer,

They who were comrades of that shadow host,
And the young brood whose veins renew the fires
That burned in their great sires,
Alike we hear
The summons sounding clear
From coast to coast, —
The cry of the bugles,
The battle birds!

* * * * * * * *

Bugles!
The imperious bugles!
Still their call
Soars like an exaltation to the sky.
They call on men to fall,
To die, —
Remembered or forgotten, but a part
Of the great beating of the Nation's heart!
A call to sacrifice!
A call to victory!
Hark, in the Empyrean
The battle birds!
The bugles!

UNMANIFEST DESTINY

To what new fates, my country, far
  And unforeseen of foe or friend,
Beneath what unexpected star,
  Compelled to what unchosen end,

Across the sea that knows no beach
  The Admiral of Nations guides
Thy blind obedient keels to reach
  The harbor where thy future rides!

The guns that spoke at Lexington
Knew not that God was planning then
The trumpet word of Jefferson
To bugle forth the rights of men.

To them that wept and cursed Bull Run,
What was it but despair and shame?
Who saw behind the cloud the sun?
Who knew that God was in the flame?

Had not defeat upon defeat,
Disaster on disaster come,
The slave's emancipated feet
Had never marched behind the drum.

There is a Hand that bends our deeds
To mightier issues than we planned,
Each son that triumphs, each that bleeds,
My country, serves Its dark command.

I do not know beneath what sky
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate;
I only know it shall be high,
I only know it shall be great.

—*July, 1898.*

LOVE IN THE WINDS

When I am standing on a mountain crest,
Or hold the tiller in the dashing spray,
My love of you leaps foaming in my breast,
Shouts with the winds and sweeps to their foray;
My heart bounds with the horses of the sea,
And plunges in the wild ride of the night,
Flaunts in the teeth of tempest the large glee

That rides out Fate and welcomes gods to fight.
Ho, love, I laugh aloud for love of you,
Glad that our love is fellow to rough weather, —
No fretful orchid hothoused from the dew,
But hale and hardy as the highland heather,
Rejoicing in the wind that stings and thrills,
Comrade of ocean, playmate of the hills.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

1869–

Mr. Moody was born at Spencer, Indiana, and was graduated in 1893 from Harvard, where for a time he was an assistant in English. Later he became a member of the English department at the University of Chicago. While in college the unusual excellence of his verse was a matter of comment, and he has more than fulfilled his early promise. He has already published two volumes of poetry of marked power, and much is expected of him in the future.

ROBERT GOULD SHAW

(FROM "AN ODE IN TIME OF HESITATION")

The wars we wage
Are noble, and our battles still are won
By justice for us, ere we lift the gage.
We have not sold our loftiest heritage.
The proud republic hath not stooped to cheat
And scramble in the market place of war;
Her forehead weareth yet its solemn star.
Here is her witness: this, her perfect son,
This delicate and proud New England soul
Who leads despisëd men, with just-unshackled feet,
Up the large ways where death and glory meet,
To show all peoples that our shame is done,
That once more we are clean and spirit-whole.

Crouched in the sea fog on the moaning sand
All night he lay, speaking some simple word
From hour to hour to the slow minds that heard,
Holding each poor life gently in his hand
And breathing on the base rejected clay
Till each dark face shone mystical and grand
Against the breaking day;
And lo, the shard the potter cast away
Was grown a fiery chalice crystal-fine,
Fulfilled of the divine
Great wine of battle wrath by God's ring-finger stirred.
Then upward, where the shadowy bastion loomed
Huge on the mountain in the wet sea light,
Whence now, and now, infernal flowerage bloomed,
Bloomed, burst, and scattered down its deadly seed, —
They swept, and died like freemen on the height,
Like freemen, and like men of noble breed;
And when the battle fell away at night
By hasty and contemptuous hands were thrust
Obscurely in a common grave with him
The fair-haired keeper of their love and trust.
Now limb doth mingle with dissolvëd limb
In nature's busy old democracy
To flush the mountain laurel when she blows
Sweet by the southern sea,
And heart with crumbled heart climbs in the rose: —
The untaught hearts with the high heart that knew
This mountain fortress for no earthly hold
Of temporal quarrel, but the bastion old
Of spiritual wrong,
Built by an unjust nation sheer and strong,
Expugnable but by a nation's rue
And bowing down before that equal shrine
By all men held divine,
Whereof his band and he were the most holy sign.

WE ARE OUR FATHERS' SONS

(FROM "AN ODE IN TIME OF HESITATION")

We are our fathers' sons: let those who lead us know!
'Twas only yesterday sick Cuba's cry
Came up the tropic wind, "Now help us, for we die!"
Then Alabama heard,
And rising, pale, to Maine and Idaho
Shouted a burning word;
Proud state with proud impassioned state conferred,
And at the lifting of a hand sprang forth,
East, west, and south, and north,
Beautiful armies. Oh, by the sweet blood and young
Shed on the awful hill slope at San Juan,
By the unforgotten names of eager boys
Who might have tasted girls' love and been stung
With the old mystic joys
And starry griefs, now the spring nights come on,
But that the heart of youth is generous, —
We charge you, ye who lead us,
Breathe on their chivalry no hint of stain!
Turn not their new-world victories to gain!
One least leaf plucked for chaffer from the bays
Of their dear praise,
One jot of their pure conquest put to hire,
The implacable republic will require;
With clamor, in the glare and gaze of noon,
Or subtly, coming as a thief at night,
But surely, very surely, slow or soon
That insult deep we deeply will requite.
Tempt not our weakness, our cupidity!
For save we let the island men go free,
Those baffled and dislaureled ghosts
Will curse us from the lamentable coasts
Where walk the frustrate dead.

The cup of trembling shall be drainëd quite,
Eaten the sour bread of astonishment,
With ashes of the hearth shall be made white
Our hair, and wailing shall be in the tent:
Then on your guiltier head
Shall our intolerable self-disdain
Wreak suddenly its anger and its pain;
For manifest in that disastrous light
We shall discern the right
And do it, tardily. — O ye who lead,
Take heed!
Blindness we may forgive, but baseness we will smite.

ON A SOLDIER FALLEN IN THE PHILIPPINES

Streets of the roaring town,
Hush for him, hush, be still!
He comes, who was stricken down
Doing the word of our will.
Hush! Let him have his state,
Give him his soldier's crown.
The grists of trade can wait
Their grinding at the mill,
But he cannot wait for his honor, now the trumpet has blown.
Wreathe pride now for his granite brow, lay love on his breast of stone.

Toll! Let the great bells toll
Till the clashing air is dim.
Did we wrong this parted soul?
We will make it up to him.
Toll! Let him never guess
What work we set him to.
Laurel, laurel, yes;
He did what we bade him do.

Praise, and never a whispered hint but the fight he fought was good;
Never a word that the blood on his sword was his country's own heart's blood.

A flag for the soldier's bier
Who dies that his land may live;
O, banners, banners here,
That he doubt not nor misgive!
That he heed not from the tomb
The evil days draw near
When the nation, robed in gloom,
With its faithless past shall strive.

Let him never dream that his bullet's scream went wide of its island mark,
Home to the heart of his darling land where she stumbled and sinned in the dark.

CAROLINE DUER

Miss Duer was born in New York city, where she now resides. She is the author, with her sister, of a volume of poems of unusual grace and vigor.

AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE

(MARCH 15, 1889)

We were ordered to Samoa from the coast of Panama,
And for two long months we sailed the unequal sea,
Till we made the horseshoe harbor with its curving coral bar,
Smelt the good green smell of grass and shrub and tree.
We had barely room for swinging with the tide —
There were many of us crowded in the bay:
Three Germans, and the English ship, beside
Our three — and from the Trenton where she lay,

Through the sunset calms and after,
We could hear the shrill, sweet laughter
Of the children's voices on the shore at play.

We all knew a storm was coming, but, dear God! no man could dream
Of the furious hell-horrors of that day:
Through the roar of winds and waters we could hear wild voices scream —
See the rocking masts reel by us through the spray.
In the gale we drove and drifted helplessly,
With our rudder gone, our engine fires drowned,
And none might hope another hour to see;
For all the air was desperate with the sound
Of the brave ships rent asunder —
Of the shrieking souls sucked under,
'Neath the waves, where many a good man's grave was found.

About noon, upon our quarter, from the deeper gloom afar,
Came the English man-of-war Calliope.
"We have lost our anchors, comrades, and, though small the chances are,
We must steer for safety and the open sea."
Then we climbed aloft to cheer her as she passed
Through the tempest and the blackness and the foam:
"Now, God speed you, though the shout should be our last,
Through the channel where the maddened breakers comb,
Through the wild sea's hill and hollow,
On the path we cannot follow,
To your women and your children and your home."

Oh! remember it, good brothers. We two people speak one tongue,
And your native land was mother to our land;

But the head, perhaps, is hasty when the nation's heart is young,
And we prate of things we do not understand.
But the day when we stood face to face with death,
(Upon whose face few men may look and tell),
As long as you could hear, or we had breath,
Four hundred voices cheered you out of hell!
By the will of that stern chorus,
By the motherland which bore us,
Judge if we do not love each other well.

GUY WETMORE CARRYL

1873–1904

This writer, a man of many gifts, was born in New York city, and was educated at Columbia. He chose literature as a profession, and wrote much for the periodicals. After various editorial labors, he became the representative at Paris of a large New York publishing house.

WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN

To eastward ringing, to westward winging, o'er mapless miles of sea,
On winds and tides the gospel rides that the furthermost isles are free,
And the furthermost isles make answer, harbor, and height, and hill,
Breaker and beach cry each to each, "'Tis the Mother who calls! Be still!"
Mother! new-found, beloved, and strong to hold from harm,
Stretching to these across the seas the shield of her sovereign arm,
Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons, who bade her navies roam,
Who calls again to the leagues of main, and who calls them this time home!

And the great gray ships are silent, and the weary watchers rest,
The black cloud dies in the August skies, and deep in the golden west
Invisible hands are limning a glory of crimson bars,
And far above is the wonder of a myriad wakened stars!
Peace! As the tidings silence the strenuous cannonade,
Peace at last! is the bugle blast the length of the long blockade,
And eyes of vigil weary are lit with the glad release,
From ship to ship and from lip to lip it is "Peace! Thank God for peace."

Ah, in the sweet hereafter Columbia still shall show
The sons of these who swept the seas how she bade them rise and go, —
How, when the stirring summons smote on her children's ear,
South and North at the call stood forth, and the whole land answered, "Here!"
For the soul of the soldier's story and the heart of the sailor's song
Are all of those who meet their foes as right should meet with wrong,
Who fight their guns till the foeman runs, and then, on the decks they trod,
Brave faces raise, and give the praise to the grace of their country's God!

Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and free,
To carry the hearts of the people to the uttermost ends of sea,
To see the day steal up the bay where the enemy lies in wait,
To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her across the strait: —
But better the golden evening when the ships round heads for home,
And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl of seething foam,

And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet the men who win!
Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace, when the great gray ships come in!

—*New York Harbor, August 20, 1898.*

JOSEPH B. GILDER

1858–

Mr. Gilder was born at Flushing, New York. He entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis, but resigned before finishing the course, and engaged in journalism. He and his sister, Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, are the editors of the *Critic*. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century Magazine*, is his brother.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

Untrammeled Giant of the West,
With all of Nature's gifts endowed,
With all of Heaven's mercies blessed,
Nor of thy power unduly proud —
Peerless in courage, force, and skill,
And godlike in thy strength of will, —

Before thy feet the ways divide:
One path leads up to heights sublime;
Downward the other slopes, where bide
The refuse and the wrecks of Time.
Choose then, nor falter at the start,
O choose the nobler path and part!

Be thou the guardian of the weak,
Of the unfriended, thou the friend;
No guerdon for thy valor seek,
No end beyond the avowëd end.
Wouldst thou thy godlike power preserve,
Be godlike in the will to serve!

NOTES

EARLY PERIOD

THE earliest attempts at literary production by the first American settlers were crude in manner and uninteresting in matter. There were, it is true, scholars among them, and there were men and women of refinement, feeling, and imagination. They had left England, too, when Shakespeare was at the top of his fame, and when poetry was the rule rather than the exception among men of wit. But the conditions of life in the western world were too exacting to admit of literary expression. Men were too busy with the ax, the plow, and the gun to take time to record the workings of their minds and hearts. Puritan theological ideas, furthermore, looked askance at all forms of art. Literary expression had to wait, therefore, until the foundations of the Republic were firmly laid. That there was intellectual activity during the colonial period is clearly shown by the output of sermons and theological treatises by such men as the Mathers, the Cottons, and Jonathan Edwards. But the poetic muse lagged. The first book published in America was a collection of hymns of New England divines now known as the *Bay Psalm Book*. Its verses were so crude and its rhymes so sprawling that some one has said that they "seem to have been hammered out on an anvil, by blows from a blacksmith's sledge." A few years later, another volume of American verse by Mistress Anne Bradstreet was published in London. These poems do not rise above mediocrity, nor do they smack of American soil. She could see little difference between the skies and flowers and birds of New England and those of the old country. Indeed, it was William Cullen Bryant who first discovered that American song birds were not English nightingales, and that the picturesque scenery of New England was different from the velvety lawns of old England.

This dependence upon England was weakened by the Revolution, although the influence of England continued to be felt, and is felt to-day, but with diminishing force. Imitation of English literary models, both in form and in spirit, was, of course, perfectly natural. The early colonists were, in the main, Englishmen, and they brought with them English traditions and ways of thought. With the establishment of the Republic, however, there sprang up the feeling of nationality which speedily made its way into letters. The first

poet of note to give voice to this new consciousness was Philip Freneau. In his verse the red man appears for the first time as a romantic figure; in it we smell the fragrance of the wild honeysuckle instead of the English hawthorn; and in his patriotic verse we hear both the clash of arms and lament for the patriotic dead.

What we may call the Early Period of American letters, then, began with Philip Freneau; it ended with Thomas Dunn English. It was frequently marked both by extravagant though sincere patriotism and by flabby sentiment. Sentiment is often pushed so far that it degenerates into mere sentimentality. As to literary form also, some of the poems given in this collection would suffer if examined too closely, but they have found their way to the hearts of the people, and seem likely to stay there for a very long time. A few of the poets of this period — notably Willis and English — were contemporaries of the greater names which fall into the next period; but the spirit and temper of their work places them beyond doubt among the writers of an earlier time. They made an effective appeal to this earlier generation, but their facile sentimentalism, obscured by poets of greater power in New England, was finally withered by the heat of the Civil War.

PHILIP FRENEAU

Page 16. **The Indian Burying Ground.** In this poem the red man is described as being buried in an alert, watchful, sitting posture instead of being stretched out at full length, as if in sleep. Here is an appeal to the imagination which goes straight home; and it is this imaginative appeal, expressed directly and simply and freshly, that marks Freneau as the first American poet of real merit. One line of this poem, taken from the stanza next to the last,

The hunter and the deer — a shade,

was stolen by the English poet Campbell. Sir Walter Scott also borrowed a line from Freneau, and Professor Tyler says that an English lady took bodily one of Freneau's poems and published it as her own. Such marks of attention are, of course, flattering to the early American poet.

17. **The Wild Honeysuckle.** It is a genuine pleasure to find native wild flowers appearing in American verse, even if they are used only to tell us that all charms decay. Freneau's eyes were open to the beauties of nature, but the strongest feeling that they aroused in him was one of gentle melancholy. No matter how joyously one of his poems on nature may begin, it is apt to end in tears and in sight of a grave. Joyous delight in nature appears first rather feebly in Bryant and breaks out rapturously in Emerson, both of whom show clearly the influence of the English poet Wordsworth. But

Freneau and the other poets of the Early Period were still under the spell of Gray's *Elegy* and Young's *Night Thoughts*.

18. **Eutaw Springs.** The battle of Eutaw Springs, one of the last battles of the Revolution, was fought in 1781 in lower South Carolina. It was a hotly contested fight, both sides claiming the victory. Freneau's poem rises almost to nobleness in its simplicity and restraint. The best line is the one in which he says of the American soldiers: —

They took the spear — but left the shield.

PAGE 19: lines 1, 2. General Nathanael Greene was the American commander in this battle. He probably ranks next to Washington among the military leaders of the Revolution. This couplet may, at first glance, seem obscure. The meaning is, that the American soldiers, led by the standards of Greene, forced the British to retreat.

19: 5. *Parthians.* The Parthians were a wild tribe who lived east of Asia Minor, on the furthest border of what was once the Roman Empire. They were noted for their brisk frontier attacks on the Romans. They would make a dash, and retreat as quickly, shooting back as they retreated. So "a Parthian shot" came to mean a shot sent back by those who were in retreat. Freneau speaks of the British as Parthians, because, while stubbornly retreating from the battle field of Eutaw Springs, they killed many American troops.

19: 12. *Phœbus*, the sun. The poet simply expresses the hope that those who died for their country have gone to a more pleasant land.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON

19. **Hail, Columbia.** This ode will always be interesting to an American audience because of the circumstances that brought it forth. As literature pure and simple, it would probably not have lasted long, but when it was linked to music and had found its way to the popular heart, it became a vital force that is not likely to die soon. People with delicate nerves may be offended by the high key in which it is pitched, but a poem which makes a direct and sincere appeal to national patriotism has, in all countries and in all ages, been able to violate with impunity some of the minor rules of good taste. As a poem, it has directness, sincerity, and fervor; but it is lacking in freshness of phrase, and in the still higher literary quality of imaginative intensity.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

21. **The Star-spangled Banner.** This lyric, like many others of its class, has been embalmed by being set to popular music, and lives by reason of its

patriotic appeal. It is vivid and spirited, and sincerely reflects the circumstances under which it was written.

CLEMENT CLARKE MOORE

23. A Visit from St. Nicholas. Few poems have ever surpassed this in giving voice to the innocent, excited, and expectant joyousness of children at Christmas time. The verses trip along gayly, and the imagination is kept on the alert. All hearts are moved by the spirit of Christmas, and any piece of literature that makes a direct, graceful, and sincere appeal to this feeling is sure of popularity.

JOHN PIERPONT

25. The Exile at Rest. European themes were very rarely handled by the poets of the Early Period. The recent death and burial of Napoleon at St. Helena, however, did not fail to excite the public mind. In this poem allusions are made to Napoleon's battles in Egypt near the pyramids, as well as to his disastrous Russian campaign. The use by Pierpont of such worn phrases as "eagle flag" and "martial form" places him at once among the many imitators of Campbell and Byron. But the poem has compactness and proportion, and some lines are musical, —

The mournful murmur of the surge,
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

And it has at least one flash of imagination, —

As round him heaved, while high he stood,
A stormy and inconstant world.

26. Warren's Address to the American Soldiers. This is an imaginary address of General Joseph Warren to his soldiers on the eve of the battle of Bunker Hill, in 1775. Warren was killed in this battle. He was a physician in Boston when the war broke out, and was one of the most ardent patriots of the Revolution. Pierpont's poem expresses well the feeling of the time, and it has directness and vividness.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

27. The Old Oaken Bucket. Despite its poverty of literary merit, this poem lives because it expresses a sentiment felt by all. Fondness for the recollections of childhood is not so strong as many other feelings, but it is universal.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE

29. My Life is like the Summer Rose. This popular lyric expresses the gentle melancholy that was made popular both in England and America

by Byron. Our grandfathers were no more melancholy at heart than we of to-day, but when they put pen to paper they followed the literary fashion of the time. These stanzas of Wilde's are graceful in conception, smooth in meter, and sustained in sentiment. This line has been justly praised, —

On that lone shore loud moans the sea.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

30. **Home, Sweet Home.** These verses are commonplace in both thought and language, but they give expression in a simple way to the homing instinct, and this is the vital spark that keeps them alive. The words, too, have become so intertwined with the music that both bid fair to last together.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

31. **On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.** The genuine and almost romantic friendship that existed between Halleck and Drake is exquisitely set forth in this little elegy. The first stanza, by far the best, is happily phrased and shows real and deep feeling. In lyric quality and in genuine emotion, this poem marks a step in advance of the poetry already considered. The poem as a whole is very uneven, however, both in meter and language. Then, too, in the following couplet, —

And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep, —

we have an example of that exaggerated sentiment which so pleased Halleck's generation.

32. **Marco Bozzaris.** The struggles of the Greeks to keep their land out of the clutches of the Turks aroused the sympathy of the civilized world in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The most spectacular thing that Byron ever did was to lay down his life for Grecian liberty. In this country the cause of Greece was espoused by such ardent young orators as Daniel Webster and Henry Clay. It is small wonder, then, that Halleck's poem should have been so popular in its day; and it still holds the attention by its fire, vividness, and intense love of liberty. It is pitched in an oratorical key like Campbell's *Hohenlinden*, and, like the latter, it lends itself easily to schoolboy declamation.

33 : 2. *Suliote band.* A band of Grecian troops from the city of Souli. Bozzaris, who lead this Grecian band, was killed in 1823.

33 : 5. *the Persian's thousands.* The Persian army of Xerxes was defeated at the battle of Platæa (B.C. 479) by the Spartans and other Greeks. This was one of a series of victories which rid Greece of the Persians for all time.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

36. **The American Flag.** Some of the crudities of this poem may be set down to the fact that Drake wrote it before he was twenty-four years of age. The first stanza, with its strained metaphors, comes perilously near being bombast. But the poem broadens and becomes more simple and direct as it goes on. In the stanza next to the last it approaches real imaginative power. As a whole, it is the stirring martial ring of the poem that makes the most lasting impression.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY

39, 40. **A Health. A Serenade.** In metrical finish, in lyric ease, in graceful fancy, and in delicate feeling, these two songs far surpass anything written in America before Pinkney's time. They were not, however, indigenous to the soil. They are clearly a reflection of the English Cavalier poets; they have something of the airy charm of Lovelace and the sweet graciousness of Waller and Herrick; but in lyric quality they mark progressive development and point forward to Poe. *A Health* was written in honor of Mrs. Rebecca Somerville, of Baltimore; *A Serenade* in honor of Miss Georgianna McCausland, whom the poet afterwards married.

GEORGE POPE MORRIS

41. **Woodman, spare that Tree!** Simple ballads, if aptly expressed, are sure to find lasting recognition if there runs through them a thread of universal sentiment, no matter how fragile this thread may be. Such a ballad is *Woodman, spare that Tree!* The appeal which it makes is simple and homely, but it is effective.

ALBERT GORTON GREENE

42. **The Baron's Last Banquet.** In the feudal setting of this poem, as well as in its conventional phraseology, there is a reminiscence of Sir Walter Scott; and in its vividness, compactness, and dramatic force, the influence of Byron can be clearly seen. It is an encouraging sign to see American poetry practicing its hand at several varieties of verse; it is training itself for more powerful expression in the next generation.

43: 7. *Paynim*, pagan.

43: 18. *Gothic hall*, a hall built in the mediæval style of architecture.

43: 22. *Armed cap-a-pie*, armed from head to foot.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

45. Unseen Spirits. In serious work, this poem shows Willis at his best. It has happy phrasing and imagination. It also touches human conduct more closely than any poem yet considered; it gets nearer to what Professor Wendell calls "God's eternities." American poetry was beginning to shake off surface sentiment and to take hold of life seriously.

46. Spring. Willis's lightness of touch and sprightliness of fancy give this worn theme a new charm. He also shows in the poem an appreciation of nature not very common in his forerunners. The end is marked by that sentimental moralizing which was extremely popular in Willis's day.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN

47. Monterey. Monterey was one of the earlier battles of the Mexican War. Hoffman's poem is full of martial spirit, fittingly expressed, and it is free from the boastfulness and extravagance which mar so many battle songs. It has simplicity, directness, real feeling, and that fine restraint which is a sure mark of good taste.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

49. America. It is sometimes the fashion to speak lightly of this hymn. Its literary merits, to be sure, are not of the highest; but any song which fairly sings itself, and which is embedded in the hearts of a people, deserves more than flippant consideration.

PARK BENJAMIN

50. The Old Sexton. In these verses there is a relapse into that very serious mood which early American writers got from Cowper and Gray. We catch here "a breath from the land of graves." The treatment of the subject, however, is a little out of the ordinary manner, and it has some traces of imagination. The theme is commonplace, but it is never lacking in vital interest.

EPES SARGENT

51. A Life on the Ocean Wave. Sargent has put into these verses something of the spontaneousness and freedom of the sea. Life on the open seas makes its appeal to the imagination of a great number of people; even those who do not care for the "deep" when it is "rolling" like to read about it.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE

52. Florence Vane. Gentle sentiment, running off into sentimentality, characterizes this lyric; but it has a charm which comes from delicacy of feeling and grace of expression. It lacks depth of feeling, but it is free from the sickly and feeble sentiment which marked so much of the verse of this period; it is winning in its very simplicity and gentleness. It first appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* during the editorship of Poe.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

54. Ben Bolt. Barring the touch of sentimentality in the first stanza, this song rings true throughout. The poet strikes a falsetto note when he asks his old friend, Ben Bolt, if he does not remember sweet Alice, —

Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown.

The remainder of the poem deals with those common but vital interests — the old mill, the old schoolhouse, the shaded nook, the friendships of youth — that have a lasting hold on the human heart. When we remember that these themes are handled with entire sincerity and genuineness of feeling, we do not wonder that the song, aided by the music, has kept its popularity. It is scarcely enough to dismiss it by saying that it was a popular concert-hall song in its day. Du Maurier used both the words and music effectively in *Trilby;* and to-day few songs in the English language are more widely known.

MIDDLE PERIOD

THE seven names — Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, Holmes, and Lowell — stand out as the foremost men of letters yet produced in America. All of them were born in New England; and all of them lived and died there except Bryant and Poe.

The last fifty years of Bryant's life was spent in New York. He left there the impress of a great editor and of a high-minded citizen. But Bryant, the poet, belongs to New England. It was there that he received his early inspiration, and there he wrote much of his best poetry. In New York there was always about him a certain aloofness of manner and temper that seemed to indicate that he regarded his poetic side as something apart from the busy life of the metropolis. Poe, on the other hand, though a Bostonian by accident of birth, was just as distinctly not a New Englander. By ancestry, by training, by affiliation, and by temperament, Poe was a child of the South; but his poetry is of such a peculiar kind that it might have been written anywhere.

It is wholly a product of the imagination, and takes root in no soil. Whittier was a son of New England, pure and simple. Holmes was a Bostonian all his life, and never cared to be anything else. Longfellow and Lowell represent the finest flower of New England culture, with an added grace borrowed from the Old World. Emerson, inheriting all that was best in the generations that preceded him, drawing into himself all that was best in his own generation, was the fit leader of the revival of letters in New England which followed the collapse of early Puritanism. In primal simplicity, in intellectual distinction, in catholicity of taste and feeling, and in his power to touch as with living fire the best that is in men's bosoms, he must be regarded as the foremost American man of letters.

The other names of this period need not be mentioned here singly. They differ in degree rather than in kind from their more distinguished contemporaries. Greater and lesser alike were vitally influenced by the revival of letters in New England, and nearly all shared in common the seriousness that accompanied the spirit of radical reform which culminated in the Civil War. These two influences — the New England revival of letters and the Civil War — were the dominant forces of the Middle Period; and the most notable characteristics of the literature produced during this period are seriousness, strong feeling, consciousness of national growth and strength, a more pronounced individual note, and a greater mastery of literary form.

During this period of our greatest literary importance, American letters were still influenced by European literature; nor is this to be wondered at. The rich and varied field of English literature is both an American and an English inheritance. But while English models prevailed in the main, a more pronounced American note grew louder and stronger, — a note which reflected a new Anglo-Saxon life under new conditions. As compared with the great names in English poetry, the chief American poets lack energy, depth, range, brilliance, and the power of sustained flight; but the inheritance left us by American poets is precious on account of its real beauty, unaffected simplicity, unconscious purity, and lofty aspiration.

I

Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, Holmes, and Lowell

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

58. **Thanatopsis.** The name of this poem comes from two Greek words meaning "view of death." It seems a little strange that a youth of seventeen

should have written a poem on this subject, and it is still more remarkable that he should have written such a good one. The fact that Bryant was a delicate lad, and predisposed to consumption, may have influenced his mind in the choice of themes; but his imagination never entirely freed itself from "the land of graves," even after he had developed, by means of careful habits and systematic exercise, into robust physical manhood. Then, too, in his earlier years he was under the influence of Young and Cowper and others of the "churchyard school"; but as he grew older the influence of Wordsworth grew stronger, and his work shows a more cheerful contemplation of nature.

In *Thanatopsis* there is shown the greatest reverence for nature, and this reverence has a somberness which always appeals to a certain side of the Anglo-Saxon character. It also has calm resignation to whatever may await man after death. There is not a quiver or a shudder as to the future. Nor has death itself any terror. So far as the spirit and temper of the poem goes, it might have been written by an Anglo-Saxon poet soon after landing on English soil. The last nine lines — so full of stern courage and of a calmness of spirit almost majestic — were added to the poem by Bryant ten years after the original draft was made. Next to this passage, the best-known line is —

Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste.

In this poem, then, Bryant shows dignity, poise, reverence for nature, resignation to fate, and serene courage; and it is all expressed in fitting language and in effective blank verse.

60. **The Flood of Years.** This poem, written in Bryant's mature years, seems a sort of enlargement of *Thanatopsis*. It has some of the same somberness and grimness. In the first part of the poem, one almost gets the impression that Bryant derives satisfaction from seeing the earthly doings of men and women swallowed up by the flood of the passing years; but at the close there is more mellowness, and warmer human feeling. The poem, as a whole, lacks the spontaneity and directness of *Thanatopsis*, but it has greater play of the imagination.

65. **The Battlefield.** While Bryant sympathized with the antislavery movement, and in the Civil War supported with his pen the side of the Union, yet he was a man of peace rather than of war. And it was the victories of peace that seemed to him more worth while than the victories of war, — the victory of truth over falsehood, of liberty over tyranny, of enlightenment over ignorance. The third stanza from the end is good enough to make any poem endure.

66. **The Death of the Flowers.** The first line is, of course, very familiar. On first reading the poem, one is apt to think of it as a mere echo from the graveyard; but when it is remembered that it was written in

memory of Bryant's sister, who died of consumption, the delicacy of the sentiment seems entirely fitting. The poem contains, too, mention of more American birds and flowers than can be found in any American poem written before it.

67. **The Evening Wind.** Bryant's human sympathy, however strong it may have been, did not often come to the surface. This poem contains more of it than is ordinarily found in his poetry. The play of the imagination, too, is attractive. The evening wind is thought of as bringing in from the sea healing and life to the weary and the ill, and then carrying out again to the mariners on the sea hints of the shore and of home. The last four lines have rarely been excelled for luminous beauty.

69. **To the Fringed Gentian.** The gentian is a blue flower that covers the New England hills in autumn. Bryant's appreciation of its beauty is genuine and spontaneous, and his phraseology is felicitous; but he could not help putting in at the end a glimpse of death. "Eternity," says Mr. Woodberry, "was always in the same room with him."

69. **To a Waterfowl.** This poem was written not long after *Thanatopsis*, and first appeared in the *North American Review*. These two poems established Bryant's reputation as a poet. He never wrote anything better during his long life. It most assuredly has nobility, repose, proportion, and steadfast faith.

71. **America.** Bryant's patriotic verse often falls below his poems dealing with nature. This poem, however, in its fine restraint and in its deep feeling, far exceeds in merit any of the fervid, extravagant, patriotic verse of his predecessors. There is no screech of the eagle in it, but there is warm and loving devotion and abiding trust.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

75. **Concord Hymn.** These simple but noble lines, among the earliest of Emerson's verses, celebrate the fight which took place at the Concord Bridge, in 1775, between the Minutemen and the British. A monument was erected on the spot in 1836, not long after Emerson had gone to live in the Old Manse, at Concord, the house which his grandfather, the Rev. William Emerson, occupied at the time of the battle. The Old Manse is only a short distance from the battlefield. Hawthorne once lived in this house, and here he wrote his well-known volume, *Mosses from an Old Manse*. The building is still well preserved. The bridge mentioned in the first line is the one that spanned the Concord River near the battlefield. The river at this point is shallow and sluggish, and fringed with grasses.

75. **The Problem.** In the first eight lines of this poem, and in the last

two, Emerson sets forth his personal feeling toward formal religion. He likes a "church" and a "cowl," and "monastic aisles fall like sweet strains" upon his heart; but, in spite of this, he has no desire to be an ecclesiastic. He cares most of all for things of the spirit, and churches and bishops are external symbols of spirituality; but Emerson was so extremely sensitive on his spiritual side, that anything like formalism seemed to him inadequate.

So much for Emerson's personal feeling as expressed in *The Problem*. The key to the remainder of the poem may be found in these lines: —

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

When turned into prose the lines would mean, that the hand that built St. Peter's and the other churches in Rome during the early Christian era built conscientiously, according to fixed plans (*wrought in a sad sincerity*), but that the Spirit of God worked mysteriously through the builder and caused him unconsciously to build something more beautiful than he had planned. This thought — the mysterious influence of God in adding greater beauty to art and life — runs through the entire poem. This is the problem that Emerson asks his readers to solve.

76 : 4. *Jove . . . Phidias.* The Grecian sculptor Phidias did not create his statue of Jove "from a vain and shallow thought," but from conceptions of beauty and power derived from above. This mysterious influence is commonly called inspiration.

76 : 6. *Delphic oracle.* There was in early times an oracle at Delphi, a town in Greece, through which the gods were supposed to answer the inquiries of men, and to foretell the future.

76 : 27. *the Parthenon.* The most famous and beautiful of all the Grecian temples. It was at Athens.

77 : 22, 23. This is an idea that Emerson expresses again and again, — that God is in everything and everybody, and that spiritual forces always make themselves felt everywhere.

77 : 24. *the fathers wise.* The early Christian church fathers.

77 : 26. *Old Chrysostom, best Augustine.* These were two of the most prominent early church fathers. St. Chrysostom, the patriarch of Constantinople, was noted for his eloquence. His name comes from two Greek words meaning golden-mouthed. This explains "Golden Lips" in line 28. St. Augustine was a writer of great influence on theological subjects.

77 : 27. *And he who blent both in his line.* This refers to Jeremy Taylor (1613–1667), who is mentioned by name in line 29. He was an amiable, scholarly, and eloquent English divine. He was made a bishop by Charles II. Emerson means that Taylor, in his line of succession as a shining ecclesiastical light, blended in himself the good qualities of St. Chrysostom and of St. Augustine. Emerson feels the great charm of Taylor's personality as it is expressed in his portrait and in his writings; but he does not envy him his bishop's robes.

77 : 28. *mines :* gold mines. There is a connection in thought here with "Golden Lips."

78. **Each and All.** Both in *Each and All* and in *The Problem*, there are high and enduring thoughts expressed obscurely in some places and carelessly in others. Unfortunately, many of Emerson's poems are marked by twisted and sprawling lines, and awkward, clumsy rhymes. This was due, not so much to carelessness, as to Emerson's feeling that matter was supremely more important than manner. All the very great poets, however, recognize clearly that immortal thoughts must be married to immortal verse.

Let us examine closely this poem, *Each and All.* If Emerson had been a careful workman, he would probably have begun the poem with lines 11 and 12 : —

All are needed by each one ;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

The central idea of the poem is expressed in these lines. In the first ten lines are four illustrations of this central idea. To put these illustrations first is unnatural, and tends to make the poem obscure. The clown and the heifer and the sexton are given as examples of the truth expressed in line 12, that —

Nothing is fair or good alone.

The thought expressed in lines 9 and 10 illustrates the truth that —

All are needed by each one.

From line 12 on to the end, the main thought is developed in an orderly way. When the sparrow (line 13) is taken from his alder bow and brought into a house, when the delicate shells (line 19) are brought away from the sea, and the graceful maid (line 29) is taken from the merry throng and placed in a hermitage, then all lose something of their beauty and charm : —

Nothing is fair or good alone.

79 : 4, 5. *Then I said, "I covet truth ;*
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat."

Emerson does not mean by this that truth and beauty are opposites. He simply means that beauty torn from its setting lacks truth, and thereby becomes a cheat, for —

All are needed by each one.

In the last ten lines he looks about him and finds oaks and acorns and violets and the morning bird and the rolling river, all in their proper places and in perfect unison. Then he exclaims, —

Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

79. Days. The days are, of course, personified when they are spoken of as the daughters of time. They are called "hypocritic" (in the first line of the poem) because they march along "muffled and dumb," giving no sign of the opportunities they bring to men. The poet, meditating idly in his garden, took only a few herbs and apples, whereas he might have had kingdoms and stars. By failing to make good use of his time, by neglecting opportunities, he received only the scorn of the departing day.

80. Forbearance. The first three lines of this poem teach forbearance and self-restraint.

80 : 3. *At rich men's tables.* The man of restraint is supposed to confine himself to plain fare and to avoid luxuries.

80 : 7. *Nobility more nobly to repay.* The "high behavior" (line 5) that comes from self-restraint Emerson characterizes as "nobility." To refrain from praising it — because praise would be inadequate, or perhaps because praise might seem patronizing — would be a more noble way of repaying this nobility.

The temper of the poem is in strict keeping with Emerson's theories of plain living and high thinking. It also embodies a rather common New England trait, — chariness in the bestowing of praise.

80. The Humble-Bee. Emerson's first poem in this collection, the *Concord Hymn*, shows the author on his patriotic side; in *The Problem*, *Each and All*, *Days*, and *Forbearance*, we see him on his more subtle and obscure side, as he tries to interpret spiritual realities; and in the last three poems — *The Humble-bee*, *The Snow-storm*, and *The Rhodora* — we find in him a sensuous delight in nature almost equal to that displayed by Wordsworth and Keats.

Both the meter and the thread of thought in *The Humble-bee* seem to correspond to the clumsy but active movements of that "zigzag steerer." The poem has freedom of movement, gayety of feeling, quick play of the imagination, and unusual delight in all that appeals to the senses in outdoor life.

82. The Snow-storm. This poem is simply a picture of a snowstorm. All moral and spiritual elements are lacking; and the human interest is also slight.

The north wind (page 82, line 20), which supplies life and action to the piece, is personified as a skillful mason. The poem is written in dignified blank verse, which is in keeping with the impressive work done by the north wind.

82 : 28. *Parian.* Paros, in Greece, was noted for the fine quality of its marble.

82 : 31. *Mauger*, an obsolete word meaning *in spite of.*

83. The Rhodora. Emerson expresses here fully his creed as regards the beautiful, —

Beauty is its own excuse for being,

and he supplements this in the last line by saying that beauty came from God. Emerson thinks with Keats that —

A thing of beauty is a joy forever,

but he goes a step further and looks up to the source of all beauty.

In charming spontaneity, in directness, in proportion, in gentleness and grace, *The Rhodora* is by far the best poem that Emerson has left. Both the language and the rhythm are smooth and flowing, — qualities that Emerson sometimes lacked.

83. Good-by, Proud World! No poem of Emerson's expresses so accurately, perhaps, the poet's feeling of aloofness toward the bustling world, and at the same time his calm reliance for happiness upon himself and upon the simple aspects of nature. It is not the complaint of a man disgusted with the world — for Emerson admired men who do things — but of one who felt sure that, so far as he himself was concerned, there were other things better worth while than the things men usually strive after. He gives expression to this feeling in a way that is direct, luminous, and simple without being commonplace.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

86. The Skeleton in Armor. There are in New England a few remains of peculiar stone structures, which lead many to believe that the Norsemen once dwelt there. There is a stone tower at Newport, in Rhode Island, and there was unearthed at Fall River, in Massachusetts, a skeleton wearing a breastplate of metal. This skeleton, which was found buried in an upright position, was probably that of an American Indian, but the poet chooses to treat it as that of a Norse Viking, or pirate. He boldly transfers the man-

ners and customs of piratical Norway to New England shores. The Norse made no permanent settlement in New England, but it is reasonably sure that they were the first discoverers.

In the first stanza, the poet questions the skeleton, who, in "a dull voice of woe," tells the story of his life, beginning at stanza three.

87 : 9. *I was a Viking old!* A Viking was an Old Norse sea pirate. In this line the Viking means that he was old when he died. He is young when the story begins.

87 : 11. *Skald*, a Norse singer of heroic poems; a minstrel.

87 : 12. *Saga*, the Old Norse goddess of history.

87 : 30. *were-wolf's*. In Old Norse mythology the werewolf was a man transformed for a time into a wolf.

88 : 13. *Berserk's*. A Berserk was a warrior in Old Norse mythology who fought furiously and without armor. The English form of the word would be *Bare-shirt*.

89 : 7. *Mute did the minstrels stand*. Mute with astonishment at the boldness of the young Viking.

90 : 6. *Skaw*, a promontory; cape.

90 : 30. *the lofty tower*. This is supposed to be the tower at Newport.

91 : 23. *Skoal!* This was a term used in drinking healths in ancient Norway.

91. **The Cumberland**. Longfellow's poems concerning slavery and the Civil War lack the strong feeling and the sharp edge that mark similar work by Whittier and Lowell. *The Cumberland* is perhaps the best of all. The poet's gentleness of spirit shines out in the last two stanzas.

The fight between the Federal fleet of wooden warships, consisting of the *Cumberland*, the *Congress*, and other vessels, and the Confederate fleet, made up of the *Merrimac*, an iron-sheathed boat with an iron prow for ramming purposes, and three other gunboats, took place in Hampton Roads, Virginia, near the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, in 1862. The *Cumberland* was rammed and sunk, the *Congress* surrendered, and the other Federal vessels scattered. In this fight, the superiority of iron-clad boats was so effectively demonstrated that it wrought a revolution in the navies of the world.

91 : 27. *the fortress across the bay*. Fortress Monroe, on the west side of Chesapeake Bay.

92 : 18. *the monster's hide*, the iron sheathing of the *Merrimac*.

92 : 25. *kraken*. In Norway this is the name of a fabulous water animal of enormous size. The reference here is to the *Merrimac*.

92 : 27. *wrack*, the poetic form of wreck.

92 : 32. *Still floated our flag*. The *Cumberland* was sunk in such shallow water that her masts still stuck out.

93. **The Wreck of the Hesperus.** The *Hesperus* was wrecked on Norman's Woe, a group of rocks on the north coast of Cape Ann.

The poem is a good imitation in meter and spirit of the old English ballads.

96. **The Village Blacksmith.** Near Longfellow's house at Cambridge there stood for many years a blacksmith shop under a large chestnut tree. Longfellow may also have had in mind one of his own ancestors who was a blacksmith. The poem shows genuine sympathy with the life of the lowly, and the moral drawn is as wholesome as it is obvious.

98. **The Bridge.** The poet is supposed to have had in mind the old bridge that spans the Charles River as it runs between Boston and Cambridge. The thoughts and feelings expressed in the poem are such as might come to any one at such a place and time, but they are phrased so gracefully and so rhythmically that the final effect is extremely pleasing.

100. **The Day is Done.** In refined and pensive sentiment, and in flowing melody, this lyric is as good as anything Longfellow ever wrote.

101. **My Lost Youth.** Longfellow was born and brought up at Portland, Maine, in sight of the sea. In his boyish imagination, the islands he saw out in the sea were as the Hesperides (line 29), the islands in classical mythology which were on the western extremity of the earth, and on which were fabulous gardens of golden fruit. Longfellow's enthusiasm for the sea is expressed in many of his poems, but never so lovingly or so sincerely as here. Genuine feeling beats through every line. And he also expresses, as few poets have done, the puzzled thoughts of a boy, filled with wonder and with something like awe, concerning the mysteries of the great world.

102 : 15. *And the fort upon the hill.* Fort Lawrence, at Portland. Longfellow conceived the idea of writing this poem one day while he was lying idle near this fort and looking out to sea. He was in Portland on a visit, and as he lay there dreaming, the recollections of his boyhood came to him in a flood.

102 : 23. *I remember the sea-fight far away.* This sea-fight took place near Portland in the War of 1812. Longfellow was a very young lad at the time of the fight.

102 : 25. *And the dead captains.* The commanders of both vessels were killed in this sea-fight. Their bodies were slowly rowed ashore in barges and buried with military ceremony in Portland. Burrows, a Philadelphian, commanded the American brig *Enterprise*, and Blyth the British brig *Boxer*.

104. **The Poet and His Songs.** Among the last poems Longfellow wrote was this simple, sincere, and melodious expression of the poet's own feeling in regard to his art. He sincerely believed that he was divinely directed to write.

105. **Nature.** Longfellow delights in such simple but effective comparisons as are found in this sonnet. Here, too, is revealed his reverence for the ordinary courses of nature. All natural changes he regarded as beneficent.

106. **Hymn to the Night.** The poet says in his diary that he tried to express in these lines the thoughts and feelings that came to him as he sat by an open window looking out into the night. The poem has grace, strength, repose, and imaginative power in a high degree.

106 : 21. *Orestes-like.* Orestes was a hero in Greek tragedies who killed his mother, and in consequence was pursued by the Furies.

106. **In the Churchyard at Tarrytown.** This sonnet is a tribute to Washington Irving, who lived and died and was buried near Tarrytown, on the Hudson River, a few miles above New York city. It is the tribute of a gentle poet to the gentlest of prose writers.

107. **The Republic.** These are the last lines of that nobly patriotic poem, *The Building of the Ship.* They have an energy, a compactness, and a cumulative force to which Longfellow did not often attain.

108. **Daybreak.** Many of Longfellow's best poetic qualities appear in this poem, — simplicity, directness, proportion, and aptness of phrase. At the end there is the element of surprise, which is rarely lacking in poetry of excellence.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

110. **Proem.** In this proem, or introduction, the poet modestly sets forth his tastes, his limitations, and his hopes. It is plain that he wishes above all things to be considered the poet of freedom.

110 : 3. *The songs of Spenser's golden days.* He means the poems of the Elizabethan period, of which Edmund Spenser, the author of *The Faerie Queene*, was one of the chief ornaments.

110 : 4. *Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase.* Sir Philip Sidney, a brilliant courtier, soldier, and poet of the reign of Elizabeth, was the author of a prose romance called *Arcadia.*

111 : 13. *unanointed eyes.* The custom of anointing the head with oil was, among the early Jews, an act of consecration. Whittier means that his own eyes had no unusual power in observing nature.

111 : 26. *Marvell's wit.* Andrew Marvell was a patriot, satirist, and minor poet of Milton's time.

112. **Ichabod.** After Daniel Webster's famous reply to Hayne, he was regarded as the great champion of the Union against the doctrine of states' rights as proclaimed by John C. Calhoun and others, and as the opponent in general of all proslavery influences. In 1850, however, he made a speech in defense of a fugitive slave law which his former admirers regarded as a bid for Southern support in his candidacy for the Presidential nomination. His change of attitude was received in humiliation and scorn by many of his former supporters. Whittier expresses in this poem the feelings of this class.

Few poems deserve to rank higher than this for its reserve, intensity, and sustained dignity.

113. **The Lost Occasion.** *Ichabod* was written in 1850. Just thirty years later Whittier wrote another poem which is almost as good as *Ichabod*, and in which he magnanimously made amends for any possible injustice he may have done to the great orator and statesman in the first poem. The second poem, full of feeling and dignity, is just in its praise, and is also marked by reverence and tenderness.

115. **The Farewell.** These lines show Whittier at his best as an anti-slavery poet. They have a rhythmical movement and a repressed fervor that make them effective. They are marred in places by such conventional phrases as "the tyrant's power" and "the fetters fall no more."

113. **Laus Deo!** This is an exultant song of praise and thanksgiving for the abolition of slavery. Whittier at last saw his dearest hopes realized, and he breaks out in sincere and joyous song; and the tone of gladness is not so much personal as patriotic.

120. **Skipper Ireson's Ride.** This ballad of life among the fisher folk of the Massachusetts coast is full of picturesque detail and vivid description, and it has rapidity of movement and dramatic power.

120: 3. *Apuleius's Golden Ass.* Apuleius, a Roman philosopher of the second century, A.D., compiled a romance called *The Golden Ass.* Magic plays an important part in it.

120: 4. *one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass.* In the *Arabian Nights* is a story of a prince who traveled about disguised as a one-eyed dervish. Among his many adventures was a ride through the air on a magical horse with wings.

120: 6. *Islam's prophet on Al-Borák.* Mohammed is said to have made a night journey from Mecca to Jerusalem, and thence to the seventh heaven, on a wondrous imaginary animal named Al-Borák.

120: 30. *Mænads.* These were priestesses of Bacchus, the god of wine. The term is often applied, as it is here, to a woman beside herself with excitement.

121: 5. *Chaleur Bay* is in Canada, near Quebec.

123. **The Barefoot Boy.** The wide popularity of this poem is probably due to the fact that Whittier draws for generations of grown-up barefoot boys a sincere and sympathetic picture of what they were in their boyhood days.

125: 1. *Apples of Hesperides.* See note to page 101.

125: 34. *moil*, toil, drudgery.

126. **Telling the Bees.** It was an old custom in rural New England to tell the bees whenever a member of the family died, and to drape the hives in mourning. It was supposed that this ceremonial would keep them from

seeking a new home. Lowell says that in this poem "description and sentiment naturally inspire each other." The result of this happy blending is a poem of unusual charm.

128. **My Playmate.** There is in this poem also the same skillful union of description and sentiment that *Telling the Bees* contains; but the sentiment is gentle and pensive rather than pathetic. Both poems have lyrical charm; and both produce their effect so surely that one is tempted to say that the feeling in them is personal.

130. **Amy Wentworth.** It is doubtful if this attractive ballad is so well known as it deserves to be. The setting of the story is placed in one of the older New England seaport towns, Portsmouth, where the east winds come in fresh from Labrador. In such towns there survived, almost up to the Civil War, a flavor of colonial life. A few families still cherished their coats of arms, and otherwise kept faintly alive the traditions of aristocratic life in the mother country. A scion of such a family, Amy Wentworth, loves, and is loved by, a stalwart New England fisherman; and both are happy. Here appears again the old, old theme that love knows no law. Such a story is common in the ballads of England and Scotland, but Whittier has given in it a fresh setting and adorned it anew with real human interest.

132. **The Eternal Goodness.** No American poem of religious faith and devotion stands above this in sincerity of feeling and effectiveness of expression.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

139. **To Helen.** Universal praise has been bestowed upon this poem for its grace and delicacy of thought and for its perfection of lyrical form.

The imagery of the poem is not clear at first reading. In the first stanza Helen is spoken of as a woman whose rare beauty soothed and charmed the "wayworn wanderer"; in the second stanza, her beauty is of such classic form that it suggests thoughts of ancient glory and grandeur; while in the third, Helen is identified with Psyche, a statue of whom the poet sees in his "window-niche." Poe often invests human beings with more than earthly beauty and charm.

139 : 2. *Nicæan.* Nicæa was a town in Asia Minor. There was also a town in Italy of the same name.

139 : 8. *Naiad.* In ancient mythology, the naiads were water nymphs.

139 : 14. *Psyche*, a beautiful maiden in Greek mythology; the personification of the human soul.

139. **To One in Paradise.** The note struck in these lines is one of dispairing lament. The poem has the conciseness, the unity, and the proportion of the perfect lyric; and the thought is perfectly clothed in fitting language and rhythm.

140. **The Bells.** No poet has gone further in making the sound fit the sense — in making the words suggest the thought — than Poe has in *The Bells*. He has also imparted to the poem a rapid movement that bears the reader along almost breathless. Furthermore, he attributes human qualities to the bells in a way that is startling.

144. **The Raven.** One of Poe's most characteristic moods is dramatically set forth in *The Raven*. It is midnight in December. The fire light is casting its shadows. The poet is dozing over his books when he is startled by a rap on the door. His mind is filled with dreams of his lost Lenore. With a beating heart he opens the door and peers out into the darkness. He sees no one, but hears the whispered word "Lenore." No sooner is he back in his chamber than he hears a tapping at his window lattice. He throws open the shutter, and in walks a strange, silent raven that perches itself above his chamber door. An excited and disordered brain now flings all sorts of questions at the bird, who continues to sit and stare and answer stolidly, "Nevermore."

So much for the "machinery" of the poem, which is, of course, handled cleverly. The stage setting is such that the imagination is stirred and excited. We have mystery, despondency, disappointment, and at the end hopeless despair. What is the cause of all this? There is only one tangible cause and that is the lost Lenore, whom the poet is not sure that he shall ever see again. Further than this one may read into the poem as much or as little as one chooses. The unearthly raven may be regarded as a reminder of an unhappy past, or as a prophet of evil for the future; or it may simply be taken as a part of the "machinery" by which Poe set forth the prevailing mood of the poem, — that of hopeless lament. But the poem, however interpreted, is filled with strange melody and startling suggestions that affect the imagination powerfully.

145 : 17. *Pallas*, one of the names of Athena, the Greek goddess of wisdom.

145 : 23. *Plutonian*. In ancient mythology, Pluto was the god of the lower regions.

147 : 15. *Aidenn*, Eden.

148. **The Haunted Palace.** The first part of this poem contains a description, good beyond all praise, of the palace, with its beautiful surroundings, that was erected in the dominion of the monarch Thought. Then come "evil things, in robes of sorrow," who assail this monarch and make him desolate. After this the melody becomes discordant, and a "hideous throng" rush out of the palace forever — "but smile no more." The "evil things, in robes of sorrow," may be taken to mean all manner of evil thoughts and desires that enter into the mind and destroy its spiritual beauty. The

palace of Thought becomes a place haunted by a "hideous throng" of evil spirits.

149: 18. *red-litten* is an old form for *red-lighted.*

149. **The City in the Sea.** Many critics regard this poem as the highest example of Poe's art. He paints for the imagination a picture of a phantom city lying alone, far off in the dim West, in a stagnant sea, where Death has made for himself a throne. No earthly light shines upon this city, but a light from out the lurid sea. No wind blows from a far-off happier sea. This sea is "hideously serene." Its waters are on a level with the gaping graves of the city. Suddenly there comes a slight stir in the air, and a slight movement on the wave. The city settles down, down, "amid no earthly moans," and is received with reverence by hell.

It would be difficult for the imagination to draw a more vivid picture of complete desolation.

151. **Israfel.** One writer has characterized *Israfel* as "trashy"; but a greater critic, Mr. Stedman, says: "If I had any claim to make up a 'Parnassus,' not perhaps of the most famous English lyrics, but of those which appeal strongly to my own poetic sense, and could select but one of Poe's, I confess that I should choose *Israfel.*"

The poem is different in spirit from most of Poe's work. There is no melancholy and no lament. It is filled with a spirit of exaltation. He recognizes the human limitations of earthly poets, and rejoices that Israfel could sing more divinely. He envies him his heavenly powers, for poetry with Poe was "not a purpose, but a passion."

153. **The Sleeper.** Poe's mind loved to dwell upon such pictures of vanishing beauty as this poem contains. It is midnight in June, and all the beauty of external nature seems asleep. The beautiful lady, with the "length of tress," is also sleeping, but in the sleep of death. The poet hopes that her sleep may always be so deep.

The poem contains scarcely a hint of life beyond the grave. This may be regarded as one of the moods of the poet. He seems to think for the moment that endless sleep is a thing to be desired. It is a passing thought, however, for in other poems he speaks of love that shall be eternal.

155. **Ulalume.** Poe wrote this poem not long after the death of his wife, and it is a personal lament filled with anguish. He imagines himself as walking in the moonlight with Psyche, who is his soul personified. There is something sinister in the aspect of nature itself which forebodes sorrow. The skies are ashen and the leaves are withering. The light of the stars has a strange pallor. The poet tries to conquer the gloom of his soul, but suddenly he comes upon the tomb of his lost Ulalume, and he remembers that it is the anniversary of his wife's death. The poem then closes in absolute gloom.

By his imagination Poe created for the main incident of the poem (the finding of the tomb of his wife) a background which fits that incident; and he invested this background with the half-earthly and half-spiritual atmosphere of the grave. It was along this borderland that his imagination had its liveliest play.

155 : 6. *Auber.* This lake and all other geographical terms in the poem existed only in Poe's imagination.

155 : 12. *Psyche*, a beautiful maiden who, in Greek mythology, personified the soul. Cupid, the boy-god of love, married her.

156 : 6. *Astarte's.* Astarte was the moon goddess of the ancient Phœnicians.

156 : 8. *Dian*, the shortened poetic form of Diana, the Roman goddess of the moon, and also of the chase.

156 : 13. *the Lion*, a sign of the zodiac; the constellation Leo.

156 : 15. *Lethean.* In ancient mythology, Lethe was one of the rivers of Hades, whose waters, when drunk, caused forgetfulness of the past.

158. **Annabel Lee.** This poem also was written shortly after the death of Poe's wife. It was perhaps the last poem that he wrote. The music of the lines has charmed thousands who care little for the sentiment. It is a story of disappointment and of deathless love. The sentiment is morbid, but the charm of the verse makes it seem very real.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

161. **Old Ironsides** was written for a Boston newspaper, just after Holmes had gone out from college. It was a spirited protest against the breaking up of the frigate *Constitution*, which had won a brilliant victory over the *Guerrière* in the War of 1812. The feeling of the nation was so greatly stirred that the old frigate was allowed to slumber in peace for half a century in the Charlestown Navy Yard.

162. **The Last Leaf.** Poems like this are often called "society verse." They are marked by conciseness, lightness of touch, grace of phrase, and refinement of feeling. *The Last Leaf* appeared in Holmes's first volume of verse. It has the mingling of seriousness and humor for which Holmes was noted, and the blending is done so deftly that there is never a jar.

The original of this picture was Major Thomas Melville, who took part in the Boston "tea-party" affair. He was a well-known character about town in Holmes's boyhood.

164. **The Chambered Nautilus.** In graceful imagination and in simple beauty of phrase, this is as perfect as anything Holmes wrote.

164 : 5. *Siren.* The Sirens, in ancient mythology, were birds with the faces of women, found on the shores and islands of the Mediterranean, who,

by their sweet voices, enticed ashore those who were sailing by, and then killed them.

164 : 26. *Triton*, a fabled sea god, the son and trumpeter of Neptune, the chief god of the sea.

165. **The Living Temple.** It has been said that the practice of medicine has a tendency to make callous the feelings, and to blunt the imagination. Holmes, however, treats the human body reverently, as the mystic temple of the spirit.

167. **Nearing the Snow-line.** Holmes rarely handled the sonnet with skill, but in this one he shows unity of conception, a sustained flow of melodious verse, and undoubted nobility of feeling.

167. **The Boys.** This poem was read at a reunion of the Harvard class of 1829, on its thirtieth anniversary. It is a good example of Holmes's occasional verse, jocular at the beginning, but ending in seriousness and tenderness.

Most of the men referred to were men of note at the time of this celebration, but the only name familiar to-day, outside of legal and academic circles, is that of the author of *America* — "Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

171. **What is so rare as a day in June?** (from *The Vision of Sir Launfal*). Lowell, as a poet of nature, is, perhaps, more spontaneous in these lines than in any he wrote. They are taken from the prelude of *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, a poem in which a young knight goes forth to seek for the Holy Grail, the cup which, according to tradition, our Lord drank from at the Last Supper. The blossoming June time typifies the young knight in the first flush of his powers.

173. **The Courtin'.** This back-kitchen pastoral of New England farm life was inserted in *The Biglow Papers* as a sort of prelude, and is in the same up-country Yankee dialect. Its charm lies in its simplicity and humor, and in its fidelity to local color and to human nature.

175 : 6. *the sekle*, the sequel, the outcome.

176 : 13. *they was cried*. The betrothal was announced in church.

176. **A Vision of Peace** (from *The Biglow Papers*). These stanzas were written near the close of the Civil War. The words are spoken by Hosea Biglow, a New England countryman, into whose mouth Lowell puts most of the words of *The Biglow Papers*. Lowell says, in the preface, that this up-country Yankee was "capable of district-school English," but that, when deeply stirred, he was apt to lapse into his native dialect.

In the stanzas given here, Hosea Biglow, abiding quietly at home, pre-

sumably too old to see active service, laments the loss in the war of "three likely lads" whom he once trundled on his knee, and wishes for that victorious peace which shall mean "a nation saved." Perhaps it is not too much to say that he speaks Lowell's own feelings, for three of the latter's young kinsmen fell in the war.

178. **Lincoln** (from an *Ode recited at the Harvard Commemoration, July 21, 1865*). When Lowell wrote this ode, from which is taken the stanza on Lincoln given here, his heart was still tender for the loss of those near him, and for the sorrows of many of his friends and acquaintances. The *Ode* is obscure in places, and seems lacking in passion; but in sustained nobility of thought and feeling it shows Lowell at his best, and seems to be gaining in favor as time passes. It is doubtful, too, if the character of Lincoln has ever been more truthfully portrayed. The wonder is that this portrayal is so entirely free from the blurs that partisan feeling was prone to give to any picture painted in 1865. Lowell shows himself the true poet when he draws a portrait which all time is likely to accept.

180. **Virginia** (from *Under the Old Elm*). When Washington took command of the American army at Cambridge, in 1775, a few days after the battle of Bunker Hill, he stood under an elm, near Cambridge Common, which is still well preserved. A stone at its base bears an inscription which tells of the event. In 1875, one hundred years after Washington had stood there, a celebration was held by the citizens of Cambridge, and Lowell read the poem from which these lines on Virginia are taken. Lowell pictures to the imagination the rude and disorganized army then gathered at Cambridge. He shows how Washington, in stature as well as in moral and intellectual qualities, towered above the other leaders gathered there, and how he infused his own spirit into the discordant elements, and made of them an effective American army. Then he praises the character of Washington in measured but exalted phrases, describing him as a

High-poised example of great duties done.

Finally, he breaks forth in words of generous praise for Virginia, who "gave us this imperial man." He takes occasion to make full and final reparation for anything harsh that he may have said against the South in *The Biglow Papers*, when partisan feeling ran strong, and makes an irresistible plea for the mutual good feeling that existed in "the dear old unestranged days." It is an interesting fact that Lowell and Whittier, the stoutest opponents of slavery among the New England men of letters, were the most magnanimous in their attitude toward the South after the war was fought and won.

181. **To the Dandelion.** In felicity of phrase and in melody of verse, these lines show Lowell at his best as a poet of nature. His verse is often lacking

in smoothness, and many of his rhymes are not above reproach; but here he shows unusual perfection of form, united with an attractive play of the fancy.

182 : 1. *Eldorado.* This is a Spanish word meaning "the golden region"; a country fabled to be very rich in precious metals.

182 : 18. *The golden cuirassed bee.* The cuirass is a breastplate of metal. The reference here is, of course, to the yellow breast of the bee.

182 : 21. *Sybaris* was an ancient town of Italy, noted for its luxury.

183. **Hebe.** Hebe was, in ancient mythology, the cupbearer of the gods. In this poem she is thought of as one who distributes the prizes of life. Lowell's love of moralizing appears often in his verse, but rarely with such graceful effect as in these lines.

184. **She Came and Went.** Few poems of personal lament are so simple and sincere as this.

185. **Auf Wiedersehen.** There is an elusive charm about these stanzas that is hard to put into words. *Auf Wiedersehen* is a German phrase equivalent to the French *au revoir*. There is no exact English equivalent. It means good-by, with the hope of meeting again.

II

Additional Poets

WALT WHITMAN

186. **O Captain! My Captain!** Even Whitman's severest critics are willing to give hearty praise to this poem, which sets forth simply, fitly, and nobly the poet's intense personal loyalty to Lincoln, and his deep and sincere lament for the death of his great captain. The poem shows, too, that Whitman was a master of poetic form whenever he cared to be. Many of his admirers wish that he had put into proper metrical garb those bursts of noble feeling and those flights of the imagination which he chose to clothe in ragged language and formless meter.

187. **As Toilsome I wander'd Virginia's Woods.** Tender human feeling and a spirit of comradeship are two of Whitman's most admirable traits.

188. **When Lilacs last in the Door-yard Bloom'd.** This is Lincoln's burial hymn. It lacks the finish, directness, and exalted emotion of *O Captain! My Captain!* but it has an idyllic charm of its own. In a vague way, Whitman likens the elemental simplicity of Lincoln to the everlasting simplicity of nature. Mr. Stedman regards this hymn and Lowell's *Commemoration Ode* as the two noblest elegies growing out of the events of the Civil War.

189 : 11. *blows*, blossoms.

HENRY PETERSON

193. From an Ode for Decoration Day. Such a poem as this marks the slow but sure growth of the spirit of reconciliation between the North and the South which sprang up after the Civil War. Its patriotic and generous spirit appeals to all minds, — a spirit which says : —

A brave man's hatred pauses at the tomb.

193 : 4. *By Yorktown's field and Montezuma's clime.* The Revolution and the Mexican War are referred to.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

194. Io Victis. The commonplace thought, that those who are seemingly defeated in any given struggle are sometimes the real moral victors, has rarely been more impressively expressed than in this poem.

195. 16. *The martyrs*, the early Christian martyrs in Rome. *Nero*, a base and cruel Roman emperor, who condemned many Christian martyrs to death during his reign. *The Spartans*, a brave band of Greeks, led by Leonidas, who withstood the Persians under Xerxes at Thermopylæ.

195 : 17. *Socrates*, an Athenian philosopher, condemned to death for teaching what was considered false doctrine. *Pilate.* Pontius Pilate, a Roman governor in Judea, under whom Christ was crucified.

JULIA WARD HOWE

196. Battle-Hymn of the Republic. These verses, written in 1861, were inspired by the sight of soldiers marching through Washington to the front. They have a moral and patriotic elevation of feeling, expressed with poetic grace and imagination, which places them far above most of the poetry of the period ; and it seems likely that their popularity will endure.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS

197. On a Bust of Dante. Mr. Stedman says that this poem, "in structure, diction, loftiness of thought, is the peer of any modern lyric in our tongue." This praise may be too high, but the poem has admirable compactness, directness, and elevation of thought.

Dr. Parsons belonged to an enthusiastic band of Dante scholars in America, eminent among whom should be mentioned Longfellow, Lowell, and Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

Dante (1265–1331) was an Italian poet and soldier. He was the greatest of Italian poets, and his poetry takes rank with the great poetry of the

world. His best-known work is the *Divine Comedy*, a vision of purgatory and paradise. In this vision he sees the good and the bad who have gone before him.

Dante's spirit was embittered in his later years by political turmoil and exile.

197 : 1. *this counterfeit.* This bust of marble.

197 : 2. *Arno*, a river in Italy, on which Florence is situated.

197 : 4. *Tuscan.* Dante was born at Florence, in the district of Tuscany, which was long preëminent in letters and art. It is famous to-day for its art treasures.

197 : 11. *Beatrice*, the heroine of Dante's *Divine Comedy*. She represents his lofty conception of womanhood.

197 : 12. *Anchorite.* Dante was not a monk, but his thin, stern, ascetic face gave him the appearance of a half-famished religious recluse who cared only for things of the spirit.

197 : 13. *Ghibelline's.* The Ghibellines were, in Dante's day, a political party in Italy who took the side of the emperors in their struggles against the popes. Their opponents were the Guelfs, who sided with the popes in their attempts to increase the temporal power of the Church. Dante was a Ghibelline. This was also the popular party.

197 : 17. *Cumæ's cavern.* Cumæ was an early fortified town in Campania, Italy. The remains of subterranean passages and caverns may be seen there to-day.

198 : 8. *Corvo's hushed monastic shade.* Dante may have sought refuge and rest at Corvo for a time during his exile. Sighs for peace and rest occur frequently in his poems.

198 : 9. *the Benedictine.* In the Middle Ages, one of the most prominent of the monkish orders was the Benedictine, founded by St. Benedict.

198 : 20. *Dread scourge of many a guilty line.* In his vision Dante places in hell and purgatory not only those who deserved ill of God in their lifetime, but also many of his own political enemies.

198 : 25. *He used Rome's harlot for his mirth.* He laughed to scorn the debaucheries of Rome.

198 : 32. *Latium's other Virgil.* Latium stands here for Rome or Italy. The line means that Dante occupied the literary position in the Italy of his day that Virgil occupied in the old days of Rome.

THEODORE O'HARA

199. The Bivouac of the Dead was written to commemorate the Kentuckians who fell at the battle of Buena Vista in the Mexican War. It falls short of the best poetry by reason of its somewhat hackneyed phrase-

ology, as well as by its want of restraint; but it has sincere feeling and fully deserves its popularity.

The "chieftain," mentioned in stanza 6, is General Zachary Taylor, a native of Kentucky, who commanded the American forces at Buena Vista.

201 : 14. *Angostura's plain*, a pass near Buena Vista occupied by a part of the American army.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

203. **Drifting.** Read's lightness of touch and graceful, if not powerful, play of the imagination are perhaps nowhere seen to such advantage as in this poem.

JOHN RANDOLPH THOMPSON

206. **Music in Camp.** Thompson, who had written much partisan war verse, shows here the true fraternal feeling that all generous men, no matter on which side they fought, have come to feel more and more strongly.

FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR

209. **Little Giffen.** This simple and stirring ballad of a young private in the Confederate army is taken from real life, and it presents a vivid picture of a tragedy not uncommon in the stormy days of the Civil War.

209 : 26. *Johnston.* General Joseph E. Johnston, the well-known Confederate leader.

210 : 2. *Knights of the Golden Ring*, the Knights of the Round Table, who gathered about King Arthur, a heroic figure in song and story in early British times. Many of the stories about King Arthur and his knights have been retold by Tennyson in his *Idylls of the King*.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER

210. **A Ballad of Sir John Franklin.** Sir John Franklin was a well-known arctic explorer. He made two expeditions in search of the north pole, and lost his life on the second expedition in 1847. The facts about his last struggles came to light ten years afterward. This poem of Boker's is a successful imitation of the old English ballad style. It is vivid and spirited, and well sets forth the courageous Anglo-Saxon's desire to push further the bounds of knowledge.

215. **Dirge for a Soldier.** This impressive dirge was written in memory of General Philip Kearny, a dashing cavalry leader on the Federal side, who was killed at Chantilly, Virginia, in 1862.

BAYARD TAYLOR

216. Bedouin Song. The Bedouins are children of the desert. They are of Arabian stock, and their wanderings cover the wild desert lands east of Palestine. They roam about in bands, carrying with them their wives and children and substance. They own no man as lord, and pay allegiance to no government. They are wanderers by instinct and by long habit.

Bayard Taylor has put into this poem the atmosphere of the desert, — something of its heat, freedom, and passion, — and he has done it with a lyric grace that is wholly effective.

218. America (from the *National Ode*, July 4, 1876). The simplicity, heartiness, and dignity of this ode, its generous spirit of democracy, and its confidence and hopefulness for the future, mark it apart as a poem of unusual strength and poise.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

219. Abraham Lincoln. President Lincoln was shot and killed in Ford's Theater, Washington, on April 14, 1865, by John Wilkes Booth, an actor. This ode of Stoddard's is one of the best of the many laments written since Lincoln's death. It has sustained dignity, aptness of phrase, and a true appreciation of Lincoln's character. It is lacking, perhaps, in intensity of feeling.

220 : 18. *Lares.* These were the gods of Roman mythology charged with the care of the home and of the state.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

225. The Blue and the Gray. The healing of the scars made by the Civil War has been greatly helped along by such verse as this kindly and melodious poem.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

227. The Vagabonds. As a picture of real life, on one particular side, this poem is vivid and dramatic, and full of humane feeling.

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON

231. A Grave in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond (J. R. T.). This poem was written in memory of John Randolph Thompson, poet and journalist, who was born in Richmond, Virginia, and lived there many years. His last years, however, were spent in New York city as literary editor of the *Evening Post*, where he died. His body was brought to Richmond for burial in Hollywood Cemetery, where James Madison, Jefferson Davis, J. E. B. Stuart, and A. P. Hill are also buried.

231 : 11. *Dante.* Dante, the greatest of Italian poets, was exiled, for political reasons, from his native city, Florence. He died at Ravenna, but his body was brought back to Florence for burial. Thompson, however, was not an exile from Richmond, except by a stretch of the imagination. He went to New York because it offered a better field for the employment of his literary abilities.

232 : 10. *The mystic cable.* The ocean telegraph cable.

232 : 18. *Provençal-like.* Provence is a district in southern France, noted for music and poetry. In early days many of its poets were strolling minstrels. The reference here is to Thompson's literary career in Richmond, London, and New York.

232 : 24. *Stuart.* General J. E. B. Stuart, a brilliant Confederate cavalry leader, who was killed while defending Richmond against General Sheridan, in 1864. He was the theme of one of Thompson's stirring ballads.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

233. **My Old Kentucky Home.** "Idealized negro melody" is a term that aptly fits such charming verse as this. It shows the old-time negro at his best, and it takes as a background the civilization of the old South when it was mellowest. Change and time have invested that age with delicate sentiment and pensive grace.

WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE

234. **Antony to Cleopatra.** After the assassination of Julius Cæsar, B.C. 44, Mark Antony, a friend of Cæsar's, and Octavius Cæsar, Cæsar's adopted son, joined forces and utterly defeated the party of the assassins, chief among whom were Brutus and Cassius. Later on Antony became bewitched with the charms of Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, a woman of wondrous charm, who was the last of the ancient dynasty of the Ptolemies. Antony joined forces with Cleopatra and made war on Octavius Cæsar, who had become the head of the Roman government. A decisive battle at sea resulted in the defeat of Antony and Cleopatra, who sailed away together to Egypt, where both committed suicide. Egypt was then made a Roman province.

234 : 1. *Egypt* stands here for Cleopatra.

234 : 3. *Plutonian.* Pluto was, in ancient mythology, the god of the lower regions.

224 : 12. *Actium's fatal shore.* Actium was a promontory in Greece, near which was fought the battle in which Antony and Cleopatra were defeated by Octavius Cæsar.

234 : 16. *Triumvir.* After the death of Julius Cæsar, Octavius Cæsar,

Antony, and Lepidus banded themselves together in a triumvirate. For a time they were the rulers of Rome.

235 : 3. *Octavia*, the divorced wife of Antony. She was a sister of Octavius Cæsar.

235 : 11. *Stygian horrors.* In ancient mythology, the Styx was a river in Hades.

235 : 23. *Isis and Osiris*, chief divinities in Egyptian mythology.

235 : 24. *Cleopatra — Rome — farewell.* When Antony saw that he was likely to be killed by the Roman soldiers who were invading Egypt, he slew himself with his own sword. Cleopatra also killed herself when she heard of his death.

HENRY TIMROD

236. **Charleston.** Timrod wrote this poem in 1863, when the cause of the Confederacy was waning. A few months later the city fell into the hands of the Federal forces. Charleston had enjoyed a breathing spell since the early days of the war, when Fort Sumter, then commanded by United States troops, was fired upon and captured. At the time this poem was written, Fort Sumter was in command of the Confederates, and, with Fort Moultrie, formed the main defenses of Charleston Harbor, an unusually beautiful sheet of water.

236 : 3. *In the broad sunlight of heroic deeds.* Early in the Revolutionary War, in 1776, the British attacked the fortifications on Sullivan's Island, near the entrance of the harbor, but were repulsed by Colonel Moultrie. These fortifications were afterward called Fort Moultrie, the name which they bore in the Civil War. In 1780 the city was captured by the British. There are still in Charleston houses which bear the marks of shells thrown into the city by the British during the Revolutionary War, and by the Federals in the Civil War.

236 : 9. *Calpe* is another name for Gibraltar. The fortifications of Charleston are situated, not on hills, but on sand dunes.

237. **At Magnolia Cemetery.** These lines were warmly praised by Whittier for their beauty, simplicity, and sincerity.

238 : 1. *behalf*, in behalf of.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

238. **A Little While I fain would linger Yet.** Although lacking in strength of feeling and vigor of imagination, Hayne has great refinement of mind and heart, and his verse is generally graceful and pleasing.

240. **The Mocking Bird (at night).** The light, graceful play of Hayne's imagination appears to advantage in these lines. And no one has caught and put into verse so well the charm of the mocking bird's song at night.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

241. Kearny at Seven Pines. Few war lyrics surpass this in its spirited appeal to men of chivalrous instincts. General Philip Kearny was an intrepid Federal cavalry leader who was greatly admired by his soldiers, and his death at Chantilly, Virginia, in 1862, was greatly deplored. General R. E. Lee, who knew him in old army days, expressed great personal regret.

The battle referred to in this poem, Seven Pines, was fought near Richmond during General McClellan's campaign in 1862.

General Kearny came from New Jersey, and an oil portrait of him hangs in the capitol at Trenton.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

242. Unguarded Gates. In this poem Mr. Aldrich has taken a vital but everyday theme and handled it with deep patriotic feeling and unusual imaginative power. There are lines in it that make the blood beat faster, —

Have a care
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn
And trampled in the dust.

244. Palabras Cariñosas. No American poet has surpassed Mr. Aldrich as a writer of *vers de société*. His verses are well-nigh perfect in form, highly finished, and he has the lightness of touch and the quick, graceful turn of the imagination so essential to a master of the beautiful art of writing occasional verse, — the short, sprightly verse of wit, satire, grace, or sentiment. Men who write this sort of verse are those who see things beneath the froth of society.

The title of this poem is Spanish, and means "Affectionate Words."

244. Batuschka. The title of this poem is a Russian word meaning "Little Father," a term of endearing loyalty often applied in folk-songs to the Czar, or Tsar.

Mr. Aldrich has, with his usual imaginative vigor, put into these lines the tragedy that lies underneath the surface of Russian life.

JOHN HAY

246. Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle is taken from Hay's first volume of verse, *Pike County Ballads*, the scenes of which are laid in Arkansas. It is the story of an uncouth engineer who saw his plain duty before him and sacrificed his life to it. The rude but often heroic qualities of the early Mississippi boatmen have also been admirably set forth in prose by Mark

Twain. These early poems of Hay's and the stories of Mark Twain make very plain the virile stuff that went into the making of the Great West.

JAMES RYDER RANDALL

248. My Maryland. Every lover of peace and good feeling will deplore the strong sectional tone of the poem, but every lover of poetry must concede its artistic merit as a spirited martial lyric. The lyrical feeling is so real and so glowing that it kindles from stanza to stanza and is sustained until the end. It was struck off at white heat, and gives voice to the excited state of feeling inevitable at the beginning of a great conflict.

The song was written in 1861, when the Massachusetts troops, on their way South, were fired upon in the streets of Baltimore. Mr. Randall, who was then living in New Orleans, read the report in a newspaper, and immediately sat down and wrote these lines.

248 : 21. *Carroll's sacred trust.* The reference is to Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from Maryland.

248 : 22. *Howard's warlike thrust.* This refers to General John Eager Howard, who was a Maryland soldier of distinction in the Revolution.

249 : 5, 6, 7. Ringgold, Watson, Lowe, and May were Marylanders who fought in the Mexican War.

249 : 14. *Sic semper!* This is a shortened form of *Sic semper tyrannis*, the motto on the coat of arms of Virginia. It may be freely translated — *Down with tyrants!*

250 : 4. *Vandal.* The Vandals, to whom the Federal soldiers are here compared, were a barbaric northern tribe who fell upon Rome in the days of her decay and despoiled her. The comparison is, of course, far-fetched and absurd. The extravagant language may be set down to the heated feeling of the time. The same may be said of line 17.

ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN

251. The Conquered Banner. Perhaps no poem of the war expresses so musically and so exactly the feeling at the South at the close of the Civil War as do these lines on the Confederate flag. With sincerity and with real emotion the poem gives voice to tender and hopeless regret.

ANONYMOUS

252. The Confederate Flag. Although lacking both the passionate and the musical qualities of Father Ryan's poem, this anonymous lament has more dignity and restraint; but the feeling shown is none the less sincere. Both

poems, it is to be noted, accept the outcome of the war calmly and regard it as final — accept it without bitterness, but with pride for gallant deeds and sorrow for the dead.

BRET HARTE

254. John Burns of Gettysburg. Bret Harte was a master of the art of telling a story, whether in prose or verse, in a vivid and stirring way. *John Burns* is a good example of his narrative power.

256 : 21. *Peninsula.* General McClellan endeavored to capture Richmond, in 1862, by advancing up the peninsula between the James and York rivers. This unsuccessful movement is sometimes spoken of as the Peninsular Campaign.

257 : 17. *Navarre.* Henry of Navarre, the brilliant leader of the French Huguenots, was accustomed to wear a white plume as he led his men into battle.

257 : 18. *oriflamme,* the early royal ensign of France.

258. Chiquita. Bret Harte is the chief poet of the Pacific slope. He gave a touch of romance to the primitive life of the early gold seekers and other adventurers. *Chiquita* breathes of adventure, mingled with the grim humor so characteristic of rough pioneer days.

259. The Aged Stranger. This is a good example of Bret Harte's humor. It is not of the most subtile kind, but it is racy of the soil and wholly American.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

261. The Fool's Prayer. The compactness, finish, and noble ethical tone of this poem appeal to nearly all readers.

262. The Future. An old theme is handled here with sincerity, piety, and imaginative power.

263. Eve's Daughter. Lightness of touch, a graceful play of the imagination, and felicity of phrase make this sonnet one of unusual charm.

263 : 23. *Danaë* was, in Grecian mythology, the daughter of Eurydice and beloved of Zeus.

WILLIAM GORDON McCABE

264. Christmas Night of '62. The fancies of a spirited young Confederate officer, dreaming in his tent at Christmas, are set forth with sympathy and sincerity. These lines no doubt record the feelings of the author himself when he was a young soldier.

JOAQUIN MILLER

266. Columbus. Both native and foreign critics agree that this is one of the best poems produced in America. It is compact, direct, buoyant in spirit, and virile in thought.

266 : 1. *Azores*, a group of islands lying west of Gibraltar.

266 : 2. *Gates of Hercules*, the Straits of Gibraltar.

267. Westward Ho! "A mighty nation moving west" is pictured so vividly that the imagination is easily stirred by it. Miller is the laureate of "bearded, stalwart, westmost men."

SIDNEY LANIER

269. Song of the Chattahoochee. The leaping movement of this lyric, as well as the haunting melody of the verse, will give popularity to this poem after some of Lanier's more ambitious verse is forgotten.

269 : 1, 2. *Habersham* and *Hall* are counties in northeastern Georgia, in the hill country. The Chattahoochee River rises in Habersham County, flows down through Hall in a southwesterly direction, and on into the Gulf of Mexico.

271. Tampa Robins. Lanier showed his lighter, gayer side in these verses as well as his delight in out-of-door things.

271 : 18. *Gramercy*, a French word meaning "many thanks," but generally used ironically in English, as, "I thank you for nothing."

ETHEL LYNN BEERS

272. All Quiet along the Potomac. While these lines may be imperfect in workmanship, they still give a vivid picture of a very grim reality; and they make a human appeal which is far-reaching.

WILLIAM TUCKEY MEREDITH

273. Farragut. Admiral David G. Farragut, commanding the naval forces of the Union, entered Mobile Bay in 1864 and destroyed the land fortifications and also one Confederate ram. He was greatly admired by his men. These verses, by an eyewitness, give a vivid and stirring picture of the admiral during the fight.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

276. Sherman. These lines are a very just appreciation of the simple and straightforward character of General W. T. Sherman, who takes rank next to Grant among the generals on the Union side.

276. Great Nature is an Army Gay. Mr. Gilder has here discarded the false poetic notion that nature sympathizes with the thoughts and feelings of man, and has adhered to the truth in speaking of her as one who cares naught for the affairs of human beings, but who goes on remorselessly in her appointed ways. This view of nature may appear cold and unattractive at first blush, but Mr. Gilder has handled it with impressive imaginative power.

MARY WOOLSEY HOWLAND

277. In the Hospital. It is said that this poem was found under the pillow of a wounded soldier near Port Royal, South Carolina, in 1864. After floating around in the newspapers for some years, it was put into a collection of verse by Mr. F. L. Knowles, *The Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics*. "Its simplicity, directness, and truth of feeling," says Mr. Knowles, "are quite beyond praise."

LLOYD MIFFLIN

278. Sesostris. According to Grecian legend, Sesostris was a famous king and conqueror of ancient Egypt. He is sometimes identified with Rameses II. "He sits within the desert, carved in stone," as the most famous and colossal of all the sphinxes. He is for this reason poetically called "Sole Lord of Lords."

278 : 21. *the sacred beetle.* Beetles were carved upon monuments, and also used as ornaments in other ways, by the ancient Egyptians. They were regarded as mystic symbols. At this late day it is not known definitely what they symbolized. To the modern mind, they suggest dimly some sort of occult power.

279 : 4. *Presages doom.* The death of so very great a king as Sesostris, and the obscuring of his fame by the lapse of years, foretells the doom of all kings, no matter how great.

279 : 6. *dark thrones.* Thrones occupied by rulers who oppose the enlightenment of the people.

baleful air. The atmosphere of the neighborhood is called "baleful" because it suggests the final ruin of all earthly kings.

For both careful workmanship and imaginative vigor, this sonnet has few equals.

MAURICE THOMPSON

279. A Prophecy. This utterance of an old Confederate soldier is one of the many signs that good feeling has been restored among men of the best impulses, both North and South.

279 : 18. *Mosby . . . Mahone.* Colonel John S. Mosby was one of the most daring guerrilla chiefs on the Confederate side in the Civil War. General William Mahone rose to be one of Lee's division commanders, and particularly distinguished himself in the fights around Petersburg, Virginia, near the close of the war.

279 : 19. *If Wilder's wild brigade or Morgan's men.* General Wilder was a Union cavalry leader, whose operations were often directed against General Morgan.

General John H. Morgan was a bold Confederate cavalry raider, who operated mainly in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio. He was killed at Greenville, Tennessee, near the close of the war.

280 : 2. *Sheridan . . . Cleburne.* General Philip H. Sheridan was one of the ablest and most famous Federal cavalry leaders. He was at the head of Grant's cavalry at Appomattox.

General Patrick Cleburne, a Confederate general, sometimes called "the Stonewall of the West," was killed at Franklin, Tennessee, in 1864.

The prophecy contained in this poem, that if ever the United States should become engaged in a war with a foreign power, the veterans of both sides in the Civil War would stand shoulder to shoulder, was amply fulfilled in the Spanish-American War of 1898.

WILL HENRY THOMPSON

280. The High Tide at Gettysburg. A spirit of the broadest patriotism breathes through this poem written by a Confederate soldier about the greatest battle of the Civil War. In genuineness of feeling, in intensity, in vividness and vigor of both thought and expression, it is probably surpassed by no poem dealing with the Civil War. It seems to reach "the high tide" of the verse inspired by that great struggle.

280 : 15. *Pickett.* General George E. Pickett, who made the last and fatal charge of the Confederates at Gettysburg. General Lee had pushed forward into Pennsylvania, in 1863, and met the Federal forces at Gettysburg under General Meade, and, after three days of fierce fighting, was forced to retreat southward. This battle was the turning point of the Civil War. The fortunes of the Confederacy steadily waned, and culminated in Lee's surrender to Grant at Appomattox, in 1865.

281 : 2. *Pettigrew.* General James Johnston Pettigrew, an accomplished Confederate officer, who was killed in a skirmish on the retreat from Gettysburg. His North Carolina brigade took part in Pickett's charge. He traveled widely in Europe before the Civil War, and took the part of Italy in her war against Austria. He wrote a book about Spain and the Spaniards. His early death was greatly lamented.

281 : 3. *A Khamsin wind.* A hot, dry wind common in the deserts of Africa.

281 : 6. *Kemper.* General J. L. Kemper, wounded at Gettysburg; afterward governor of Virginia.

281 : 7. *Garnett.* General R. B. Garnett, killed while leading Pickett's charge.

281 : 10. *Armistead.* General L. A. Armistead, killed in Pickett's charge. He had also seen service in the Mexican War.

281 : 20. *Doubleday.* General Abner Doubleday, a well-known Federal general, and also a veteran of the Mexican War.

LATER PERIOD

THE poetry of this period reflects the spirit of the age. It displays, for instance, strong, sincere liking for all out-of-door things, a deep interest in social problems and in questions of human conduct, and a sober consciousness of national responsibility. On its lighter side, it is brightened by grace, sparkle, nimbleness of wit, and adroitness of manner. But whether the theme be grave or gay, there is always present a strong sense of form. The apt word, the illuminating phrase, the musical cadence, the quick and unexpected play of the fancy — these are qualities generally present. Though there is undoubtedly absent some of the fire and deep feeling of the preceding age, — for the impulse given to poetic emotion by the Civil War has grown fainter and fainter, — yet there is in the poetry of this period a great deal that is admirable, both in spirit and in workmanship.

What the future may bring forth, no man knows. The present is an age of vast industrial expansion, and very often it seems to care little for poetry; but this impressive industrial progress may be preparing the way for an outburst of imaginative expression later on.

HENRY VAN DYKE

283. **Tennyson.** Dr. van Dyke is one of the most enthusiastic students of Tennyson in America. He also enjoyed the intimate friendship of the great poet, and for this reason, as well as for others, he was peculiarly fitted to write this graceful, musical, and sincere lament.

284. **An Angler's Wish.** These verses will meet a quick response from every one who lives most of his days within four walls, but who in his heart loves "God's blessed out-of-doors."

286. **The Song Sparrow.** Dr. van Dyke has a faculty of making the very small things of earth contribute to the good cheer of the world. His

whole-hearted joyousness in life shines through everything he writes, and is one of his most attractive qualities.

EUGENE FIELD

287. Wynken, Blynken, and Nod. It is not too much to say that nobody in American letters has surpassed Eugene Field in writing graceful, tender, and endearing verses about children.

289. Little Boy Blue. Field was a master of both tears and laughter, which are often not far apart. This poem shows him at his best as a master of simple pathos. The thought is as old as humanity, but it never loses its interest when deftly expressed.

EDWIN MARKHAM

290. The Man with the Hoe. A very famous picture, "The Angelus," by the French painter Millet (1814–1875) represents a French peasant standing in the field leaning on his hoe, while with bowed head he repeats the prayer to the Virgin Mary, called the *Angelus*. He stops his work to obey the summons of the distant church bell. The glow of the setting sun makes the scene appear more than earthly.

The painting suggests to the casual observer little more than instinctive obedience and reverence on the part of the simple peasant laborer; but it suggested to Mr. Markham a very old question, namely, the inequality of men. If man is created in the image of God, why should some men always be hewers of wood while others sit clothed in purple? Mr. Markham sets this down to the tyranny of rulers who oppress the ignorant, and he warns these rulers that a day of judgment will surely come. There is nothing novel about such opinions, but in this poem they are expressed so vividly, and with such sincere feeling, that the reader's imagination is stirred and his sympathies aroused.

291 : 7. *Plato*, an ancient Grecian philosopher, who reasoned much about the immortality of the soul.

Pleiades, a cluster of seven stars in the constellation Taurus.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY

292. The Man with the Hoe. A Reply. Mr. Cheney does not think that the inequality of man is due entirely to the oppression of rulers. He suggests that there are certain laws of nature which operate in their appointed ways; that those who rise do so by merit, and that those who fall are lacking in capacity; and that, after all, the laboring man has rest and peace after his labor — pleasures often denied to kings. These ideas are no more

novel than those expressed by Mr. Markham, but they are set forth in terse, apt, and vivid phrases, and not without human sympathy.

Mr. Markham's poem seems somewhat influenced by the socialistic unrest of the age. Socialism would abolish competition in life, and reconstruct society on the basis of equal ownership of property. Mr. Cheney's poem, on the other hand, takes the conservative position that nature's laws should be left to work themselves out without too much meddling by man.

Neither poem solves the problem, of course, nor is it ever likely to be solved until the coming of the millennium.

EDITH MATILDA THOMAS

294. **Mother England.** The complex feeling of an American woman of many gifts is effectively set forth in these lines. In them there is neither servility nor boastfulness; but there is admiration, dignity, and love. The emotion expressed is no less real because it is touched with reserve.

295. **The Mother who died Too.** Miss Thomas has the unusual gift of being able to express tender emotion without lapsing into sentimentality. She does it with restraint, with phrasing at once delicate and firm, and with absolute precision.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

296. **The Old Man and Jim.** These verses, written in the Hoosier dialect, have a homely pathos that makes an effective appeal to all hearts.

298. **Ike Walton's Prayer.** The theme of this poem is old, but the desire for contentment is as old as the world, and is felt by every one; and when expression is given to this feeling in language that appeals simply and directly to the imagination, it is sure to be widely appreciated.

EUGENE FITCH WARE

301. **Quivera — Kansas.** This poem was written to celebrate the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the first arrival of Europeans upon the soil of Kansas, which is a part of a region once called Quivera by the Indians. The Spaniards came up from Mexico in search of cities and gold, but they made no permanent settlement in what is now Kansas. It was left for the sturdy Anglo-Saxon to turn the wilderness into rich fields of corn and wheat, and to build towns and cities and railroads.

301 : 6. *the restless Coronado.* Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, a Spanish soldier, probably went to Mexico in 1535 with the viceroy Mendoza. In 1540 he headed an expedition to the North, with a small army of Spaniards and Indians, to seize Cibola, a province in New Mexico, which was said to

contain cities of fabulous wealth. Coronado, finding neither cities nor gold, was persuaded by a plausible Indian to pursue his explorations eastward into Kansas. Here he found plains filled with buffalo instead of rich cities. Finally the Indian confessed that he had lured him and his followers into the desert to bring about their ruin. Thereupon the lying Indian was promptly hanged. The Spaniards, broken by privations and hardships, returned discontentedly to Mexico.

302 : 9. *It with plows besieged the sky.* The general meaning of this line is, that the Saxon by sheer pluck and persistence conquered unfavorable climatic conditions and forced the soil to become productive.

Mr. Ware's poem makes use of the early Spanish explorations as an attractive setting, and it furthermore gives voice throughout to the unconquerable hopefulness and energetic Americanism of the sturdy West.

CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS

303. The Four Winds. Few poems are more attractive than this in melody, aptness of phrase, and outdoor atmosphere.

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER

304. The Way to Arcady. For light, tripping movement, airy grace of thought, and gentle pathos that is pensive but not oppressive, these verses are widely admired.

307. The Chaperon. The graceful play of Bunner's imagination is nowhere seen to better advantage than in these deftly turned lines.

308 : 8. *Midas* was a king in ancient mythology who had the power of turning everything he touched into gold. Bunner applies the term here to a young man whose mind is centered on wealth.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

309. On a Greek Vase. Mr. Sherman is excelled by few poets of the day for daintiness of fancy, lightness of touch, and perfection of form.

309. On Some Buttercups. In these lines he shows the same graceful play of the imagination and refinement of feeling that mark most of his verses. To turn off an attractive poem on a light subject is not so easy as it seems.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

310. The Wild Ride. These verses suggest very vividly the struggles which have to be endured by every man who sets before him a high standard of conduct.

RICHARD HOVEY

311. **The Call of the Bugles.** The pulses are stirred by these lines as they are by the call of real bugles. Few martial poems are charged with such strong but restrained patriotic ardor, and with such real imaginative power.

314. **Unmanifest Destiny.** A large and abiding hopefulness for the future of the country beats through these lines. It is the spirit which characterizes the best American patriotic feeling. It is devoid of boastfulness, and its tone is steady, confident, and aspiring.

315. **Love in the Winds.** One of the most characteristic notes of later American poetry, as well as of American life, is its frank and sincere liking for out-of-door things.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

316. **Robert Gould Shaw.** Colonel Shaw commanded the first negro regiment enlisted in the Civil War, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts. He was killed while storming Fort Wagner, in Charleston Harbor, in 1863. An impressive bronze statue of Shaw, by St. Gaudens, stands on the summit of Beacon Hill, Boston.

318. **We are our Fathers' Sons.** These lines were written in 1900, when the United States still held Cuba. They contain an impassioned call to public leaders to "let the island men go free," and a warning not to retain Cuba for the sake of material gain.

319. **On a Soldier fallen in the Philippines.** At the close of the Spanish-American War, in 1898, the United States found herself confronted by new problems. New territorial possessions had come into her hands, and it was a question whether she should hold these possessions as colonies, or should grant them independence. There were, and are, many who take the position that she is doing violence to her traditions in withholding absolute liberty from these dependent peoples. The poem gives expression to this phase of American public opinion.

CAROLINE DUER

320. **An International Episode.** In order to prevent violence on the island of Samoa, English, German, and American battleships gathered in the harbor of Apia, in 1889, when a tropical hurricane fell suddenly upon the harbor and destroyed or disabled every ship. Two American vessels, the *Trenton* and the *Vandalia*, were sunk, and fifty-two lives altogether were lost. The tornado lasted two days. Vessels smashed into one another or were dashed on the reefs. The English man-of-war *Calliope* had stronger engines than the rest, and put out to sea for self-preservation; and, as she sailed away,

a tremendous cheer went up from the American seamen, who, though disabled themselves, were glad to see their English cousins escape to a place of greater safety.

GUY WETMORE CARRYL

322. When the Great Gray Ships come In. These lines express fitly and nobly the feeling of most thoughtful Americans, perhaps, when they saw gathered in New York Harbor the imposing men-of-war fresh from Manila and Santiago.

323 : 21. *round heads*, turn around.

JOSEPH B. GILDER

324. The Parting of the Ways. The United States, the "Giant of the West," is here admonished not to become drunk with a sense of power, but to use her strength unselfishly to serve the weak. To use skill and power in such a chivalrous way is to reach unto the full stature of true nobility.